The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Volume XX DECEMBER, 1933 No. 12

PROF M WILFORD POULSON
PROVO UTAH
BAG NO 1ST E

WE HEARTILY RECOMMEND

KNIGHT
Spring Canyon

or

ROYAL
Coal

ROYAL COAL
Hot 'n Clean

Clean, Hard—Burns Longer

Quick-starting—Utah's Purest Coal

These coals maintain clean, cheery warm homes at lowest cost.

ASK YOUR FRIEND THE COAL DEALER

KNIGHT FUEL CO., ROYAL COAL COMPANY

General Offices—8th Floor Newhouse Building—Salt Lake City, Utah
Leonard E. Adams, General Sales Agent

Complete Suits for Men and Women—Children's Clothing a Specialty
Prompt and Careful Attention to Mail, Telephone and Telegraph Orders

Temple and Burial Clothes

Variety of Grades and Prices

GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY
Open Daily—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Telephone Wasatch 3286 **29 Bishop's Building**
Salt Lake City, Utah

THIS IS THE YEAR TO GIVE

PERSONALITY PORTRAITS FOR XMAS

OUR XMAS SPECIAL

6—4x6 and one 8x10 Special California Easel
for the price of $4.95
Phone Was. 4939 for appointment

Ecker Studio **13 East First South—**
Only Ground Floor Studio in Salt Lake

Heat Your Home
With a Granite

CIRCULATOR

One to Six Rooms
$22.50 to $85.00

You will save 25% to 50%
on your coal bill
"America's Finest"

The ROUND OAK
Range

Will bake perfectly for a lifetime
$79.50 to $117.50
We Save you Money

GRANITE
Furniture Co.
Sugar House 1050 East 21st So.

Peerless
Laundry

COMPLETE LAUNDRY SERVICE

Snow White
Clothes

STRICT SANITATION

Phones: Hy. 2182
Phones: Hy. 2183

1184 East 21st South
Salt Lake City

A NEW
EUREKA

WITH
MOTOR-DRIVEN BRUSH
LIGHT—EASY TO HANDLE
AGREEABLY QUIET

This sensational new Eureka with motor-driven brush is designed to meet the requirements of those who desire a motor-driven brush but recognize the necessity of "High Vacuum" (powerful suction) for the thorough removal of embedded dirt.

Unnecessary weight and awkward size have been carefully avoided. It is quiet—agreeably quiet. The demonstration! It is spectacular — sensational — thrilling. Embedded soda fairly "boils" from the rug. Sand dances—how it dances! Surface litter — lint, hair and threads — are instantly removed by its motor-driven brush. This new Eureka cleans faster—cleans better.

$5.00 Down—Balance on Easy Terms
Phone for Demonstration

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah
177 East Broadway Phone Wasatch 4764

WHY SHOULD I SUBSCRIBE FOR THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE?

for $1.00

I receive one year's training in every walk of life.

What Should I Give My Friend for Her Birthday or for Christmas For $1.00?

The Relief Society Magazine

I give her a MONTHLY reminder of my love. The joy of my gift lasts throughout the year.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. 20 DECEMBER, 1933 No. 12

CONTENTS

Portrait of Elder John H. Taylor ..... Frontispiece
Sing the Blessed Christmas Songs ..... Bryce W. Anderson 699
Leonora's Christmas Visit ..... Lella Marler Hoggan 701
If They Need Me ..... Josephine Gardner Moench 712
For Six at Christmas-Tide ..... Elsie Talmage Brandley 714
Elder John H. Taylor ..... Carl A. Badger 716
Anne Brent, Helpmate ..... Elsie Chamberlain Carroll 721
Latter-day Saint Chapel, Washington, D. C. 724
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 725
Christmas ..... Elise B. Alder 726
Happy Mothers ..... Marba C. Josephson 728
Mary ..... Camille C. Nuffer 730
Relief Society Conference ..... Julia A. F. Lund 731
Christmas Joys ..... Edna J. Gardiner 741
Interior of L. D. S. Chapel, Washington, D. C. 741
Candy for Christmas ..... Lucy Rose Middleton 742
Notes to the Field 744
Editorial—Joseph Smith 746
Eighteenth Amendment Repeal 747
Mobilization for Human Needs 747
Work of Agents Appreciated 748
Lesson Department 749
Opportunity ..... Lizzie H. Welker 764

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone Wasatch 3123

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.25 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c.

The *Magazine* is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

L. D. S. GARMENTS

FOR ALL SEASONS

Selected from our extensive line of L. D. S. Garments we suggest the following numbers for all seasons wear:

No. 1 New Style, ribbed lgt. wgt. Combed Cotton. An excellent Ladies' number $1.25

No. 2 Old style, ribbed lgt. wgt. cotton, our standard garment 1.25

No. 3 Ribbed med. wgt. cotton, bleached. Our all season number. Men's new or old style.... 1.45

No. 4 Ribbed heavy wgt. unbleached cotton. Our double back number. Men's new or old style 1.50

No. 5 Part wool, ribbed unbleached. Our best selling wool number. Men's new or old style.... $.300

No. 6 Light weight garment, Ladies' new style or old style 1.10

No. 7 Light weight Spring and Autumn garment. Men only 1.00

No. 8 Light weight silk for ladies only, new style only..... 1.15

No. 9 Medium wgt. silk for men and women, new style only.... 1.75

No. 10 Ladies' new style light wgt. 1/3 wool 1.75

No. 11 Ladies' new or old style med. wgt. Part wool, silk stripe.... 1.50

In ordering, be sure to specify whether old or new style garments, short legs and sleeves or ankle length legs, are wanted. Also give bust measure, height and weight to insure perfect fit.

Postage prepaid on orders accompanied by money order in United States. Special discount to missionaries.

Our Jack Frost Blankets are made of Utah Wool and Utah Labor
Write for Prices
FACTORY TO YOU—THE ORIGINAL

Utah Woolen Mills

Briant Stringham, Manager — 28 Richards Street
One-Half Block South of Temple Gates

NEW HEADQUARTERS FOR LATTER-DAY SAINT GARMENTS

FROM FACTORY TO YOU

No. 88. Lt. Wt. Men's and Ladies' New Style ..... $ .65

No. 89. Med. Wt. Men's and Ladies' New Style 1.10

No. 80. Heavy Wt. Men's Double Back 1.35

No. 81. Heavy Wt. Old Style Double Back 1.35

We Solicit Your Mail Orders

No. 87. Lt. Wt. Old and New Styles ..... .85

No. 100. Lt. Wt. Fine Grade Flat Knit Ladies' Only..... .85

No. 84. Med. Lt. Wt. Men's and Ladies' New Style ..... .85

No. 85. Very Special Non-Run Garments—Guaranteed—Not To Run Rayon. Special 1.00

Specify when ordering, your bust trunk and length, whether new or old style, and if men's or ladies'. We Pay Postage Anywhere in the United States.

MOSE LEWIS — 14 SO. MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

L. D. S. GARMENTS

Good grade and well made. Garments that satisfy, when ordering, state size, new or old style, and if for man or lady. Postage prepaid.

OLD AND NEW STYLE		NEW STYLE ONLY, MAN OR LADY	
144	Spring Needle Flat Weave..... $1.10	472	Light Rib Cotton..... $ .75
205	Rib Knit, Lt. Weight..... 1.15	464	Med. Rib Cotton..... 1.00
33	Fine Knit, Lt. Weight..... 1.25	92	Lt. Wt. Rayon Stripe..... 1.25
256	Double Carded, Med. Wt..... 1.35	228	Lt. Wt. Rayon Stripe..... 1.35
758	Med. Hvy. Cot., Ecru or White.... 1.65	84	Rayon Plated..... 1.45
902	Unbleached Cot. Extra Hvy..... 2.00	405	Non-run Viscose Rayon..... 1.35
1118	Med. Hvy. Wool & Cot. Mixed.... 3.25	306	Non-run Viscose Rayon..... 1.75

BARTON & CO.

Established in Utah 45 Years

142 WEST SOUTH TEMPLE ST. — SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Bits of Humor

Willie: "Paw, what is a genius?"

Paw: "A genius is a successful crank, my son."—*New York Sun.*

Senator Tillman was arguing on the tariff with a congressman.

"You know I never boast," his opponent began.

"Never boast? Splendid!" said Senator Tillman; and he added quietly, "No wonder you brag about it!"

"Wal," sighed Cyrus Browne, a genuine Rhode Island farmer, as he entered the house, "Jed Hopkins wants me to be pall-bearer agin to his wife's funeral."

"Wal, wot be yer hesitatin' about?" rejoined his soul mate.

"It's this way, Melissa. Y'know when Jed's fust wife died he asked me to be a pall-bearer, an' I did. Then his second wife died, an' I wuz pall-bearer fur her. An' then he married Deacon Wall's widow, an' she died, an' I wuz the same agin. An' now—wal, I don't like to be all the time acceptin' favors without bein' able to return 'em."

"Billy, He's in Trouble"

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy whose future I had once so proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right an' come to such an end.
I told him when he left us, only three short years ago
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row;
He'd miss his father's counsels an' his mother's prayers, too;
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.
His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
An' in the dust 'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother; it'd crush her poor ol' heart;
An' so I reckon, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

—*Anonymous.*

INFLATE YOUR DOLLARS

You get many times the value of your dollar when you subscribe for the

Relief Society Magazine

Send it to your friend for a present.

It will be a reminder of your thoughtful love every month in the year.

If you only desire to spend 50c, send it for six months.

SEND YOUR—

Holiday Greetings

THIS YEAR BY—

Postal Telegraph

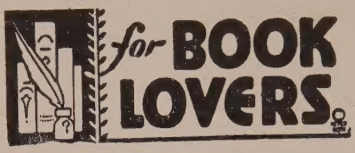
The gracious exchange of greetings during the holiday season is a lovely age-old custom charmingly modernized by using Postal Telegrams. Holiday greeting telegrams are delivered on Christmas or New Year's morning on specially designed blanks, in decorated envelopes, by uniformed messengers. Modern, personal, convenient, inexpensive and socially correct.

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Postal Telegraph

Commercial Cables — *All America Cables*

Mackay Radio



A MOST LASTING AND APPRECIATED XMAS GIFT

IS A

GOOD BOOK

ASK US NOW FOR SUGGESTIONS

DESERET BOOK COMPANY

Box 958 Salt Lake City, Utah

You Will Weather the Winter Better on

BLUE BLAZE COAL

It is—

Long Lasting
Free Burning
Clean

And has—

Fewer ashes

Order today from your local dealer

BLUE BLAZE COAL COMPANY

1111 Walker Bank Building
Salt Lake City, Utah
Wasatch 671

WANT AN OFFICE POSITION

Mail this coupon for details, telling how to qualify.

Gentlemen:
Please send literature explaining how to qualify for an office position, and the assistance offered by your Employment Department

Name .....

Address .....

Opportunities for employment in Secretarial and other office positions are increasing. The intensive, practical courses offered by L. D. S. Business College will qualify you in minimum time and at the lowest possible cost. Mail the coupon today—your inquiry will not obligate you in any way.

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

SALT LAKE CITY

A visit to our beautiful new quarters will convince you of the superiority of L. D. S. Training.

Sing the Blessed Christmas Songs

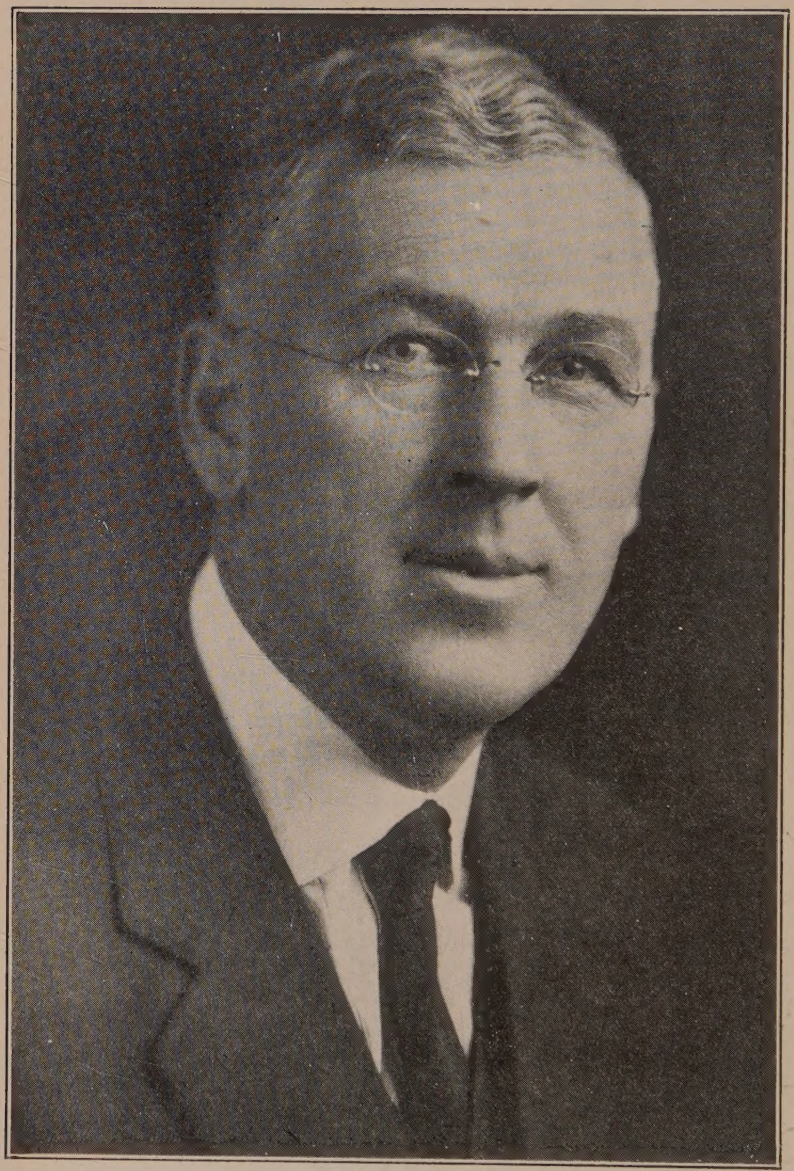
By Bryce W. Anderson

Sing the blessed Christmas songs;
Sing the carols, sweet, of yore;
Leave thy fancied cares and wrongs;
Look ye heavenward once more!

Sing the sacred hymns of old;
Sing of Christ, who dwells on high;
Sing the tale so often told;
Let not gladsome echoes die!

Cynic, wipe away thy sneer;
Miser, now forsake thy pelf;
This one day in all the year,
To the Spirit lend the Self!

Sing, ye humble sons of man!
Make the vaulted heavens ring!
Christ the Lord is born again!
Sing His praise, O mortals, *sing*!



ELDER JOHN H. TAYLOR

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XX DECEMBER, 1933 No. 12

Leonora's Christmas Visit

By Lella Marler Hoggan

BILLY'S enthusiasm bubbled over in shrieks of happy laughter as Daddy lifted Mama in his strong arms that she might pin the shining star on the very tip of the Christmas tree.

"Don't you let me fall, Papa Gordon," warned Mildred, as she reached out cautiously to fasten the star in place.

"You're perfectly safe," assured John, chuckling softly. "My arms are more secure that that wobbly ladder."

"There," and Mama gave a little sigh of relief as her feet touched the carpet again.

"Now, Mama, draw down the blinds. Here, Billy."

The child's face was a picture of awed surprise as his little hand touched the magic button that illuminated the beautiful tree. Soft lights shed their colored radiance across the clustered green needles, the sparkling tinsel, and the bright ornaments. The Christmas star fairly scintillated.

But the solemn moment was interrupted by the burr-r-r of the doorbell. As Daddy hurried to answer the ring, Mother raised the window shades and the spell was broken.

This Christmas was the most outstanding event in little four-year-old Billy's life. He stood and gazed at the tree rapturously. Then suddenly remembering he exclaimed,

"Oh, Mama, where shall we hang the stockings?"

"Right here by the mantel, see. Daddy has the hooks all ready."

He clapped his little hands for joy.

"Sister will sure be glad when she wakes up and sees this pretty tree. Shall I wake her now?"

"No, let her sleep. You and I have many things to do yet."

Mildred's face clouded with anxiety as she noticed the telegram in John's hand. But his beaming countenance allayed her fears.

"Well, well," he smiled, "We're going to have company for Christmas, Mildred. Leonora Willis, an old friend of mine, wires that she is coming to spend a few days with us."

"That will be lovely," acknowledged Mildred. And John was so occupied with his own recollections that he did not notice the lack of enthusiasm in her voice.

"Well, well" he repeated, "I haven't seen Leonora for years. We used to go to school together. In fact, she was a sweetheart of mine. It will bring back many pleasant memories to meet Leonora again."

Billy caught his father's hand

joyously. "Shall we hang the stockings now, Daddy?"

"No, Son, not until Christmas eve. Mama will see about that." John's enthusiasm for the tree and for Billy's plans seemed to have suddenly waned.

"When is she coming?" asked Mildred.

"Let's see, to-day is Friday. She will arrive sometime tomorrow. "Christmas comes on Monday, so she will not leave before Tuesday."

"Aren't you going to meet her?"

"She doesn't say what time she will get here. Oh, you can't tell a thing about Leonora's plans. She may come dashing in here before breakfast in the morning; and again, she may call me up at 11 p. m. to come down to the station and get her. All I can tell you is that when she arrives, she will be here."

John laughed. Then looking at his watch, he suddenly remembered that he had an appointment in an hour. So Mildred hurriedly prepared lunch. John jubilantly related many incidents of his school days, in which Leonora had a prominent place.

Baby Ruth awakened in time to get her good-bye kiss along with Mama and Billy. And then Daddy was gone.

"Home at the regular t i m e, Mama," he called as he waved happily to the two children.

AFTER the lunch dishes were cleared away Mildred went to look over her guest room. It had not been used for weeks. It had been cleaned along with the other rooms. But the bedding would have to be aired and fresh linen would be needed. She viewed the bed-spread disconsolately. It was frayed at the ends. And the curtains did not look very crisp. She decided that both should be laundered. She really should have a new spread. She would have to make a trip to town. There were a number of last minute purchases to be made, anyway.

Then, too, she would have to do some extra baking, if she was going to have a guest to-morrow. She wondered what sort of guest Leonora would be. Not that it mattered, only, she wondered.

It was sufficient to know that Leonora was an old sweetheart of John's. Nothing must be left undone that would add to her comfort and happiness while she was a guest in John's home.

The stores were so crowded with Christmas shoppers that it would take some time to make her purchases. Perhaps she could get her neighbor to come in and take care of the children. Aunt Polly, as they called her, had been a friend of John's for years. She had known him before he became a college teacher. In fact, she had lived in the little town where John was born, and had known and loved his mother. Possibly she had known Leonora Willis, too. Yes, Mildred decided, she would get Aunt Polly to come over and keep the children. The stores would not be so crowded early in the morning. That would be the best time to go. So she laundered her curtains and spread and other pieces of linen. She aired the bedding and washed the windows, and did some baking.

When her guest room was finished it looked very pretty, all except the frayed spread. It would never do. She would have to have a new one. But when she counted her money, she was afraid she would not have enough for the purchase.

While dusting the living room, she discovered that her Christmas present for her mother had not been

mailed. It was wrapped and addressed. But in his excitement about the telegram, John had forgotten to take the parcel. The sight of it, now, added another obligation to her already over taxed pocket-book.

How could she have forgotten it? She must have a Christmas present for Leonora Willis. But what?

Over and over again, she figured the necessary purchases. The meagre amount refused to be spun out sufficiently to cover her needs. True, there was the money she had saved so carefully to make the last payment on the beautiful set of books for John. She remembered the numberless little sacrifices she had made in order to get the gift. No she could not use that money. And she was determined that John should not know of her needs.

And then, happy thought, she saw her way out. She would give Leonora the beautiful piece of handwork she had made for her mother. She could make her mother another piece. And mothers always understand. It was providential, after all, that John had forgotten to mail the parcel. She would write her mother a lovely letter.

"ARE you going to have Aunt Polly over for Christmas?" John asked at dinner that evening.

"Of course," smiled Mildred, "it would scarcely be Christmas without Aunt Polly."

"I was thinking," remarked John, "she will enjoy seeing Leonora again."

"Oh, so she knows Leonora?"

"Yes, even better than she knows me," chuckled John.

"What sort of girl is your friend, John?" asked Mildred, abruptly. "Is she light or dark? Is she tall or plump?"

"Leonora? Oh, she's rather tall and slender, and light, very light complexioned. She has blue eyes, and well, I can't tell you much about her. She's just Leonora. You'll understand when you see her."

That night Mildred was very painstaking in her preparations for bed. Her cheeks became rose pink as she massaged the cream into her clear soft skin. She brushed her glossy brown hair until it clustered about her face in shining waves.

"Leonora Willis, a sweetheart. And I didn't even know John had an old sweetheart. I might have known, though. A man like John would, of course, have more than one sweetheart."

AUNT POLLY was glad to keep the children.

"I'll stir you up a batch of pies while I'm here, Mildred," she announced." I can't sit around doin' nothing. Ruth will likely sleep till you get back, and Billy can stay right in here where it's warm, and help me."

"I'll not be gone long," promised Mildred. "But there are a few things I have to attend to. You see John's old friend, Leonora Willis is coming for Christmas. She'll be here to-day."

"Lennie Willis comin' for Christmas? My stars, I'll be glad to see Lennie again. What time'll she get here?"

"She didn't say. She just wired saying she was coming today."

"Yes, that's Lennie. Most likely she don't know herself what train she'll take 'till she gets to the depot. Lennie never knows what she's goin' to do 'till she does it. Why land sakes, Dave Miller's been ready to marry Lennie a dozen times. But by the time he's ready she's generally miles away, plannin' on something more romantic."

"I wish you'd come in and see

my room," invited Mildred. "How do you like it?"

"Why, Mildred, it's beautiful," said Aunt Polly frankly. "The pink in your curtains just matches that pretty embroidery on your pillow cases and these other pieces of linen."

"I really should have a new spread," said Mildred, wistfully. "Perhaps I can find one this morning."

"Why, child alive, why don't you use that white quilt of John's? The one that his mother made with the pink roses on it."

"Oh, you dear heart, I never once thought of that quilt." Mildred brought it from her large chest and spread it carefully over the bed. Then she fluffed up the pillows and put them in place.

"It's a dream," she exulted. "Now all I need is a bowl of pink flowers on that table to make the room look just right."

"It's as pretty as a picture. But Mildred, you're goin' to too much work for Lennie. I'm afraid she'll not appreciate it. You see, mostly, Lennie's worryin' about makin' herself comfortable, and wonderin' if her paint's on straight or if her nose needs another little dab of powder."

"Yes, but she's one of John's old friends you know, and I must have things nice for her."

"You couldn't have them much nicer, my dear. You're always thinkin' of someone else. I never saw such a girl. Now Lennie would worry more over a runner in her silk stockin' than she would over a famine in India."

Mildred reached home from town in time to cook a somewhat elaborate dinner, which she served at noon. The table was laid in the dining room with her best silver and linen.

John made a great many trips to the front door under the pretext, as Mildred thought, of watching for the mail. The mail man finally arrived but Leonora did not appear. John did not try to hide his disappointment.

By three o'clock he had gone back to town to attend a meeting.

Mildred looked into her guest room with satisfaction. Streaks of sunshine lay across the dainty white bed. On the table was a bowl of the pinkest half-blown rose buds intertwined with lacy green ferns.

"It is worth it," sighed Mildred, remembering that the roses had been purchased at the sacrifice of the darlingest red-robed Santa Claus. It was the one she had planned for days, to place on the mantle just above Billy's stocking.

But Mildred had the happy faculty of adjusting her emotions to any emergency.

RUTH and Billy were sleeping quietly, so she decided it was a good time to write her letter to her mother. Assembling her materials, she had scarcely begun when the doorbell burred loud and long. She hurried to the door to be confronted by a carefully gowned young woman, a perfect blonde, whom she recognized at once as Leonora.

"I'm sure you're Miss Willis, aren't you?" she greeted. "Come right in. I'm very glad to see you."

"And you?" questioned Leonora, "Are you John's wife?"

"Of course I am," laughed Mildred.

"But I was always under the impression that John married a blonde. I can't make it seem natural that you're John's wife."

"You look exactly as I thought you would," smiled Mildred. "Let me take your wraps, and sit over here where it's warm. I'm sure you

must be chilly that wind is so crisp."

"I'm half frozen," admitted Leonora. "I wasn't sure about your address so I walked up from the station and carried my bag."

"You dear girl," sympathized Mildred. "Had we only known when you would arrive we certainly should have met you."

"Well, I'm here, thank goodness. But I'll have to trouble you for a sandwich. I forgot to take a lunch, and number eight is a through train with no diner, so you may know I'm ravenous."

"Well, you shall certainly have something to eat at once."

"I'll just sit in the kitchen while you fix it," volunteered Leonora. "Don't bother with any frills whatever."

So Leonora sat at the little kitchen table spread with a simple lunch cloth, for her belated meal. But what the table lacked in artistic decoration, was made up by Mildred's thoughtful, lovely service. And before Leonora finished, her sandwich had stretched itself to a three course, hot dinner.

"This pie is wonderful," she effused, "Just like Grandmother used to make at Christmas. Do you make your own mince meat?"

"Yes. John made the mincemeat last Saturady, while he was out of school. And Aunt Polly Tucker made the pies this morning while I was in town."

"Aunt Polly Tucker? Not the Aunt Polly from our home town is it?"

"The same. I'm sure there could be no duplicate of Aunt Polly."

"They don't grow in pairs," laughed Leonora, using Aunt Polly's own idiom. "I'm going to call her up right now."

And Aunt Polly was at the door, calling out her sunny greeting before Leonora had scarcely finished her dessert.

"Lennie, you don't grow a day older, do you?" queried she.

"No, Aunt Polly, I quit having birthdays years ago," laughed Leonora.

"So did I, Lennie, and I never miss 'em. But tell me, girl, how's all the folks? What's goin' on at home anyway?"

"Just rolling along, Aunt Polly. Not a ripple of anything unusual."

"You're not married I guess."

"No, not yet."

"How's the Barton twins and Sally Davis? And what's become of old man Dougan? Have they finished the Church yet? Why girl, they's a hundred things I want to know."

And so the old time reminiscences ran on.

BILLY awakened and showed Miss Willis the Christmas-tree and the place for his and Sister's stockings. Leonora, strictly against family rule, rocked Ruth to sleep before she had eaten her evening meal: and gave Billy a generous piece of mince-pie.

After Aunt Polly left, Leonora cleaned her shoes and pressed her suit.

"I wonder if you'd mind catching up that little snag in my skirt, Mildred," she asked, as casually as if she had known Mildred for years. "I'm so awkward with a needle."

"And I guess I'll have to trouble you for some tissue paper and a ball of cord. I have a few Christmas presents I want to wrap. Billy can help me."

"You bring the scissors, Billy dear, and I'll let you put on the Christmas seals."

Mildred was glad to darn the tiny

tear in the beautiful skirt, and to find the needed articles for Leonora. Later, too, she put away the ironing board and the shoe brushes and cleaned up the scraps of paper and string.

So that altogether, by the time John came, the perfect blonde had ceased to be an awesome guest, and had established herself on good-fellowship terms with Mildred, and made a willing, happy bond slave of little Billy.

Leonora greeted John with a kiss, and all unmindful of his blushing selfconscious manner, laughingly narrated her adventure of arriving cold and empty, and carrying her bag from the station.

"Next time you'll remember to tell me what train you're taking," bantered John, "so I can meet you with the car."

In the midst of the greetings there was a call to the door, and Mildred hurried out to learn that a delivery boy had come with the set of books —John's Christmas present. He gave her a receipt for that last precious payment and deposited the box in the basement.

"What a narrow escape," breathed Mildred, "After all these weeks of stealthily guarding the secret, it would have been disastrous had John answered the door."

Lest John might ask some question about the delivery, she announced carelessly, "That turkey is a beauty, John, I'm sure. I thank you for attending to that for me."

"Glad it suited," acknowledged John. "I told Harry to be sure it was young and fat."

"It looks to be both," informed Mildred.

A half hour later she surveyed the ice box anxiously, wondering by what diatetic magic she could convert her left-overs into a semblance of a formal, balanced, attractive dinner. Leonora relieved the situation, however, by calling from the dining room, "Don't attempt to serve a hot meal to-night, Mildred. John and I are going down town. I have to do a little shopping and we may decide to go to a show. I wouldn't dare eat again so soon, or I couldn't sleep. And I know John will be satisfied with a lunch so we can be going right away.

John graciously consented to her plans and they were soon ready. "We'll not be late," he promised, kissing Mildred and Billy goodnight. "Sorry you're not going, too."

AFTER tenderly tucking Billy in for the night, Mildred went back to the interrupted letter to her mother. After it was finished she remembered that she must unwrap her mother's parcel and exchange the greeting card for one bearing Leonora's name.

She went to John's desk to get the parcel but it was gone. She could not locate it anywhere. John must have taken it with him to mail it. Now she was in a dilemma. She could have cried from sheer vexation. She felt that bad luck had been winging itself in her wake all day.

She waited up for John and Leonora. It was nearly midnight when they came. She cut her Christmas cake and wanted to serve them a hot drink but they would not taste the cake nor drink anything warm.

"We had a light lunch at the cafe after the show," announced Leonora. Mildred had to confess to herself that she did not like the high handedway in which her guest was upsetting the household arrangements. It was altogether too Bohemian.

Sunday morning Leonora arose

early. She came into the kitchen where Mildred was preparing breakfast.

"By the way, Mildred," she drawled, easily, "I 've changed my plans about Christmas. I've decided to leave this afternoon."

And before Mildred could remonstrate, she turned to John and asked, "Can't you take me down to Cousin Laura's place this morning?" John was preparing to attend an important Church meeting, but his sense of hospitality demanded that he should carry out her desires.

"What time can you be back, Leonora?" he asked.

"I seldom tie myself with promises," she announced, "but I think, perhaps, we could be back about three."

Mildred gave her approval, laughing bravely to hide her disappointment. When they were ready to leave, Leonora kissed Billy good-bye and waved blythely to Mildred.

Mildred came back to the disordered rooms somewhat reluctantly. This was a real adventure, to stand passively by and watch your husband's old sweetheart walk out into the morning sunshine beside him, and imperiously put to naught your most careful plans. But it must be met graciously.

It was now only ten o'clock. By hurrying a little, she could put her rooms in order, care for the babies, and have the Christmas dinner—turkey, fruit pudding, and all—ready to serve by three o'clock. It was the magnanimous thing to do. And she was determined to give the full measure of her gracious hospitality to John's old sweetheart.

She decided to use her new steam cooker for the preparation of her dinner. Accordingly, the young, plump turkey was stuffed and trussed and fastened by the legs to the top part of the steamer. The fruit pudding was in a covered receptacle in another compartment of the same steamer. After carefully watching her dinner for some time to make sure that everything was just right, she finally closed the cooker and with calm assurance began to put the rooms in order. There were numberless tasks to be done in order to have everything immaculate by three o'clock. And her thoughts were preoccupied.

She had finished the rooms and had come in to prepare the vegetables, when she suddenly realized that she had not looked to the fowl for some time. Hurrying to the stove she opened the cooker and her heart almost failed her.

"Oh," she moaned, "what a pitiful wreck." Closing the cooker she dropped into a chair and burying her face in her arms she sobbed softly. All of her best resolves were oozing out in self pity for her miserable failure. But there were footsteps on the porch and she looked up into Aunt Polly's smiling countenance.

"Now, now, my girl, it's not so bad as that," she soothed.

"Open that steamer," challenged Mildred, "and you'll see it's not mere emotionalism I'm exhibiting."

AUNT POLLY opened the receptacle and peered in solemnly at the cause of Mildred's collapse. Then slowly turning around her face mellowed in a rippling laugh.

"If it wasn't so funny," she said, "it would be tragic." She laughed until her eyes were moist with tears, and Mildred's were bright with laughter.

"That poor old turk," chuckled Aunt Polly. "Them two drum sticks look so pitiful danglin' from the top

of that steamer, while the proud old fellow lies in a mangled heap that way, rollin' in his own dressin'. But it could be worse. 'What the eye don't see' you know— Say, Mildred, just run in the other room for a minute and see what Billy and Ruth are needin'. When I whistle you come back."

Mildred waited anxiously for some minutes before she came hurrying back in answer to the shrill little whistle.

"You're a magician, Aunt Polly," she exclaimed. "You've put Humpty Dumpty together again."

There was the big fat turkey all properly trussed and lying sedately in a buttered pan ready for the oven.

"When that turkey's on the platter all brown and garnished," said Aunt Polly, "no one'll know the difference but you and me. And we'll not be sayin' anything. He's so tender he'll melt in their mouths."

"You're the saving grace of all my disasters," confessed Mildred, winking back the tears.

"What good is a neighbor if you can't use 'em once in awhile when you're in a pinch?"

To herself, Aunt Polly ruminated, "That girl's homesick just like I told John."

It was four o'clock. The Christmas dinner waited in the oven for the belated John and Leonora. The children were getting restless.

"I'm going to give them their dinner," announced Mildred. "And we may as well eat with them."

"Just as well," consented Aunt Polly. "Let's eat in the kitchen."

"No," said Mildred, decidedly. "A Christmas dinner tastes better served properly. We'll have the best linen and silver, candlesticks and all."

Billy and Ruth were elated.

"Oh, see the big turkey and the Christmas candles," exclaimed Billy. They were so happy over the lighted candles and the decorations they could scarcely eat the carefully selected portions of food their mother had placed on their plates.

Mildred and Aunt Polly tried to be cheerful. Once Mildred looked up and smiled. "I have an uncanny feeling," she said, "that John and Leonora are standing in that doorway watching us."

"Pay no attention to 'em, Mildred, just laugh 'em out of countenance," advised Aunt Polly, seriously. "I used to have a neighbor who always imagined her mother-in-law was standin' in the door way dictatin' the sunshine out of her life. 'What makes you tolerate such intrusion?' I asked her. 'How can I change it?' she asked, helplessly. 'Put her to work,' says I: 'That'll rout any ghost. 'Just smile pleasantly and say, "Good mornin' Mother, Come right in. Just set down and dry the dishes while I wash 'em." Keep up a line of pleasant talk, and she'll not stay long.' "

"I feel sorry for women who worry about their in-laws, and the bitter things their husbands say about it," remarked Mildred.

"So do I," replied Aunt Polly. "I used to worry some over things Sam said that hurt me. But, lawsey me, 'taint no use. These days, when he begins to crab around, I know he's needin' a tonic or a fishin' trip, and I just set about plannin' a good dinner and don't hear a word he says. After he's all through I look up smilin' and say, 'What's that you say, Samuel? Was you speakin' to me?' And he says, 'No, not particular, Polly.' And that ends it."

"That's certainly a cheerful way of avoiding commotion," laughed Mildred.

"Well, men's men and women's

women, and you can't change 'em. God didn't intend they should be alike or he'd cut 'em all by one pattern. And there's things about a house that men don't know nothin' about. And there's no use wastin' tears and energy tryin' to teach 'em. If you need sympathy go and tell your mother or some woman you can trust. Bein' a woman she'll understand, and give you the word you'll need to get by on. But when it comes to the big lessons of life, and death, and happiness, no woman on earth can take the place of your husband."

After a few minutes of silence Aunt Polly went on, "To my notion, naggin' is a positive crime. Now when Sam comes in in a bilious state of mind, I pray silently, 'Dear Lord, please excuse Sam, he doesn't mean to be so cross. He'll feel better when his stomach is full."

THE fire on the grate glowed softly as Mildred sat on a low chair and told Billy and Ruth the story of the first Christmas. Aunt Polly rocked in her chair as she sang them some little songs that her mother used to sing to her on Christmas eve.

Billy hung his stocking and Ruth had to be lifted up to hang hers. Then they knelt by their mother's knee and said their prayers.

When they were asleep, Aunt Polly and Mildred brought the box of books up from the basement, and placed it behind the tree. Mildred had emptied one shelf in the book case thinking to put them there, but she decided that John would enjoy opening the box himself. "He loves to touch the beautifully tooled leather," she said "and feel the smooth surface of the linen paper under his fingers. To him, a well made book is a priceless treasure."

"He'll get a world of joy out of 'em," said Aunt Polly.

Drawing out a large drawer in John's desk, to make room for the books she had removed from the case, Mildred was surprised to find her mother's parcel. John had not mailed it, after all. And that reminded her that she had not mailed her Christmas letter to her mother. It was too late now. She placed them on top of the box of books.

"We'll let Santa Claus take them to her," she said ironically, "Perhaps he is not too busy."

Papers and booklets were cluttered up on John's desk.

"If I attempt to put them away," she explained to Aunt Polly, "John never can find what he wants. So I let him straighten it when he gets ready."

"Men are all alike that way," asserted Aunt Polly, "only some are more so. Sam is decidedly more so. When we was first married it worried me, and I'd call his attention to it gentle like, so as not to offend him. As months went by I spoke of it more hefty, you might say. But lawsey me, it didn't do no good. You'd have to almost disfigure Sam to get him to be orderly. I wanted peace in the home, so I just went about the house pickin' up after Sam, and smoothin' out his clothes and his temper, as if it was a joy and a privilege, which it is now. Why, land sakes, I'd feel lost if I'd come into a room after Sam had been in a few minutes, and find things orderly. I'd know he was sick, which he would be, too."

"You'll miss him while he's at Frank's, every day."

"Miss him? Why life wouldn't be worth livin' without Sam. He'll be back next week and I'll sure be glad of that."

The hours wore on, ten, eleven,

twelve o'clock; and still Mildred and Polly sat before the fire alone. Mildred did not try any longer to conceal her uneasiness. Groundless fears were consuming her.

"They may have met with an accident. Shall we call the hospital?"

"The hospital will call you if they are there."

"Do you think— they surely couldn't— Oh, Aunt Polly, shall I call the police?"

"No," was Aunt Polly's uncompromising reply. "This is one of the times when you have to sit tight and pray earnestly. Don't let your faith or courage waver. Men like John, don't go bad over night."

"Will you pray with me?" And Mildred's pleading eyes held a nameless fear.

The two women knelt beside the bed where the sleeping children lay. Mildred's brown curls clustered close against the white locks of the older woman. Aunt Polly's voice was soft and clear as she made her humble petition. When they arose Mildred kissed her gently. "Thank you so much," she said. "It is all right."

The children slept quietly.

It was nearly two o'clock.

"Can't you lie down?" asked Mildred.

"No, we'll just sit here together. They'll be coming soon now," said Aunt Polly, reassuringly.

In less than half an hour she hurried to open the front door as footsteps and voices neared the house.

Mildred waited by the fire-place trying to calm her fluttering heart, as she recognized John's voice. She must meet this situation bravely and becomingly.

"What alibi," she wondered, "Would Leonora offer for this breach of conventional behavior?"

And then she was held close in John's arms.

"I've brought you a Christmas present," he whispered, as he kissed her tenderly.

"Mother!"

"Mildred, my girl."

THEN followed hurried explanations of a wrecked train that had finally been transferred to another track. And the story of the long anxious hours John had spent waiting at the station for the delayed coach to arrive: not knowing, himself, whether the mother would be one of the fortunate passengers to arrive alive and safe, or whether she would be one of those left behind lying maimed or crushed in some hospital.

"Your mother and I planned this surprise weeks ago," he explained," and I hated to spoil it all. Besides I did not know just what news I might have to bring you when the train did not arrive. All that I could have told you, would only have added to your anxiety rather than allayed it. So I decided all I could do was to wait for your Mother's arrival." After the explanations and greetings were over John sat munching walnuts and smiling into the fireplace.

"Aren't any of you interested enough in Leonora Willis to inquire about her?" he asked.

"And who is Leonora Willis?" questioned Mildred's mother.

"She's my guest," confessed Mildred. "And in the joy of seeing you, Mother, and having John back safely, I had almost forgotten."

"It's about time you spoke up young man," volunteered Aunt Polly. "Do you realize how many hours its been since you left this house with Lennie Willis?"

"I realize that it's hours longer than I expected it would be. But I was lawfully detained."

"You could have called up," persisted Aunt Polly.

Mildred looked around the circle of happy faces, and across at the sleeping children. She patted John's hand tenderly. What did it matter after all? Was not her cup of joy already running over? How much more of heaven did Aunt Polly expect on this Christmas morning?

"Now listen, Aunt Polly," said John, contritely. "I was under solemn promise to keep a secret for Leonora until Christmas morning. It is now two-thirty," he said looking at his watch. "So I'm at liberty to tell you, that Dave Miller eloped with Leonora Willis last night. They were married at that little church south of the bridge, and left on the 10 p. m. California Limited for their honeymoon.

"John," gasped Aunt Polly, incredulously, "if that's true I can forgive you everything. Why, Dave's been tryin' for seven years to marry Lennie. Tell me, how did he manage it?"

"Well, knowing how she loved romance," explained John, "he conceived the idea of an elopement and a Christmas in the sunny South."

John's eyes were half closed in merriment.

"John Gordon," challenged Aunt Polly, "you planned that elopement yourself, and you know it. Dave Miller never would have thought of it in a life time."

"Say, Mildred," smiled John, "I think your mother's half starved, can't you give us a 'hand out'?"

"It's all prepared, John, from roast turkey to plum pudding. Turn on the heat and I'll set the table."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," countermanded Mildred's mother. "We're all going to bed and get a little sleep before these children wake up and begin to celebrate. John, right there in the top of my bag is a parcel. It's a red-robed Santa Claus for Billy. Where do you want it Mildred?" —

"On the mantle, Mother, just above their stockings," smiled Mildred.

"John you had better look to the furnace. Mother and Aunt Polly can sleep in the room next to mine, it's all ready for my Christmas guest. I'm so happy I'm afraid I can't even go to sleep."

If They Need Me

By Josephine Gardner Moench

I'M so tired of everything. It's hurry home and get the supper, hurry and clean the house, hurry and get my lessons." Lila's childish face was the picture of weariness and despair as she sat down to the table and picked up her books.

"If Dad would only come home he could cook dinner and you wouldn't have to do that," said her older brother, Dick, a boy of fourteen. He was grieved at the despair in her voice.

"And Daddie can cook as good things as Mother," said eight-year-old Alice.

"I'll say he can," agreed Dick. "Wasn't it fun that time Mother had the measles and we all had to be quarantined and Dad did the cooking."

Lila's tired eyes brightened as she added: "And he never quit teasing Mother about growing little again and getting the measles, and he made jokes about everything, and we had the most fun."

"If he would only come home I'm sure Mother wouldn't cry every night when she thinks we are asleep," Dick said, "But he won't come. I wrote and asked Uncle Cal why he doesn't come home if he can't find work out there. I got his answer today. I know it will make Mother cry so I'm not going to tell her. Uncle Cal said that Dad vowed he wouldn't come home and be the star boarder while Mother has to teach school and earn the living."

"How can we have Christmas without him? Who'll give us our Christmas money?" asked Alice quickly.

"I don't know, it takes every penny Mother earns to make the payments on the house and buy our food and clothing," answered Lila. "But I've been thinking we could have a Christmas without money."

"How can we buy presents without money?"

"I know some presents I would rather have than money presents. If you would hurry and get the dishes done and not dawdle, and Dick would remember the fire always, and you would both put your things where they belong, it would be much better than a money present.

"I know what I can do," said Dick. "I can make you a book and fill it with merit marks like the merit badges we have in scouting."

"And I can make one and fill it with silver stars like we do in the Blue Bird class."

"I'll make one too, only we will all make them for Mother. Let's begin tonight and have everything done so she won't have to remind us of a thing. And I will write a letter to Dad and tell him to bring himself home for his present to us. I'll write it now and Dick can post it before Mother gets home."

WHEN NORMA ALLERTON came home from an exhausting day, Lila hurried to warm her dinner and Dick took her coat and hat and hung them up as her husband might have done. Alice took off her boots and put them away as she told of their plans for a Christmas without money.

"Make a book for me too," Mrs. Allerton said, "and paste in it a star for every time I remember to do the

things for you children that I have been neglecting so lately."

That night for the first time since her school began, Mrs. Allerton spent a full night in refreshing sleep. Who knows but that it was the unseen influence of the children's letter speeding on its way to the husband she loved so much, whom she seemed to have lost. The man so bowed and helpless who had said good-bye the day her school began was certainly not her Hal of a year ago. The year of searching for employment had taken heavy toll of his buoyancy and youth. When the savings were gone and it became evident that she would have to go back to teaching, he had gone away to a distant city, to a brother who had repeatedly written that it was useless for him to come there to seek work.

THE City of N..... was brimming over with the Christmas spirit in spite of the grave situation of unemployment. Never had it seemed more beautiful. Cal Allerton's perplexity was all the more poignant because of it. Heretofore Christmas had never disturbed his bachelor routine to any great extent. He had given generously to charity, but that meant only writing a check and denying himself for a short time some of his accustomed comforts. But Christmas this year presented a problem with which he was in no way able to cope. His brother, Hal, who had never once in all his married life spent Christmas away from his wife and children now stoutly refused to go home. What was Cal to do?

In the midst of his perplexity he reached home to find Hal, erect and smiling, hurriedly packing his suitcase.

"I am going home Cal. Read this letter—isn't she the clever kid—did you get what she said about my cooking when her mother had the measles—do you see that tear? Imagine the poor, tired kid hurrying home from school to cook dinner for the family. I'll accept the price of a ticket home Cal, but no more. Do you see what she said about a Christmas without money? What's money if they need me? Get me to the station, will you? I mustn't miss that train."

* * *

SAY, Lila, what's Dad's big rush every morning to get the work all done before we start to school?" Dick asked one morning as they left a clean and orderly house. "He laughs when I ask him and says he likes to go early for the groceries so he can walk part way with Mother. He doesn't need to get all the work done before he goes. I should think he would like to have something left to do while we are all gone."

"Maybe he takes all day cooking dinner—he gets such good ones," Lila answered.

"We'll have our books chuck full of merit badges and stars with Dad helping us all the time."

When the children reached home on the afternoon before Christmas the house was decorated with Holly wreaths, and a beautiful Christmas tree stood in the accustomed place.

"Some one broke the rule and spent some money," Lila exclaimed, her eyes lighting up at the sight.

"A present from the grocer," Mr. Allerton answered. He didn't add that he had spent several hours the week before helping to unload the shipment of trees and holly in return for the grocer's "present."

After dinner the children brought out the Christmas decorations which they kept from year to year and Mrs. Allerton put on a kitchen

apron for the first time since her husband's return and went into the kitchen to make some of their favorite candy.

Hal went out, saying he had found a little work down town and would be late getting home. About midnight he drove up to the house in a truck and went in quietly to see if they were all sleeping. Finding the house quiet, he returned to the truck and carried in, piece by piece, the four articles of furniture on which he had been so faithfully working in order to finish them in time for Christmas.

There was a desk for Norma, a cedar chest for Lila, a typewriting table for Dick, and a doll bed for Alice. They had given him so much happiness that there seemed something human about them as they stood beside the tree. The drudgery of unloading lumber and cement and cleaning and straightening the shop to pay for the materials was forgotten.

The last weight had been lifted from his shoulders with the promise of the shop foreman.

"We'll make a place for you, Hal, after the holidays."

Hal looked up at the tree and a blue bird which seemed to be flying toward him from the white background of a Christmas card drew his attention. He took it down and read: "To Hal from Norma.

"A symbol of the happiness
brought back by my boyish Hal,
'Who once was dead and is alive again.'

For Six at Christmas-Tide

By Elsie Talmage Brandley

Around a table where the lamplight spreads
A ring of warmth, a pool of golden cheer,
Sit six I love, with pencils poised, and brows
Drawn into lines of puzzlement severe;

Of vital import is the work at hand—
To Santa Claus they write of little schemes,
To tell him of their needs and wants and hopes,
To ask him to remember all their dreams.

Their names are signed, and, 'ere the dream-fraught page
Shall flutter, flame-borne, up the chimney-place,
They ask that I shall read with critic's eye;
Anxiety is stamped on each young face.

* * *

To bed they troop, eyes full of distances—
So many things to make them glad they see;
Their letter safely off, their prayer well-said,
They give themselves to slumber, peacefully.

Tonight six children rest in deep repose,
Their slates of life all clear, their troubles few;
Tomorrow they will be six women grown,
With all the problems of the world in view.

They ask for party-dress with silken sheen;
  For necklace on a white young throat to wear;
For books and games; for fruit and candy sweet;
  A wrist-watch, and a doll with curly hair—

* * *

My eyes grow misty, and the fire-flames
  Are silver stars and arrows to my sight.
Where shall I seek to find for them the gifts
  That I would put in stockings six tonight?

I would find magic fabric for a gown
  To wrap its wearer close in happiness;
Its folds to be a cloak of modesty,
  Its silver gleam white innocence to dress.

I would find jewel of luster pure and clear—
  The thoughts and hopes or radiant maidenhood;
Its setting simple, as the purest joy
  Is found in simple task and quiet good.

Their books should whisper from the pages new
  Secrets of laughter and of hallowed tears;
Their games enchanted be—the games of life,
  And rules to play them fair throughout the years.

Where to find sweets of spirit, and of heart?
  Of kindly words to help along the way?
Where grow the fruits of years well-lived and loved?—
  These would I put in stockings six, today!

The watch should tick away throughout the hours
  And measure only moments glad and gay,
And sound a little chime when danger nears,
  And warn temptations, fraught with fear, away.

A doll I'd find endowed with power to speak
  And whisper all the joys of motherhood;
With hands to grasp the heartstrings of a girl
  And guide her into pathways light and good.

* * *

I seek in vain for magic frock and jewel;
  For witchery of time-piece, silver-chimed.
And drop, instead, a wordless little prayer
  That life will bring the gifts I cannot find.

* * *

And when their childhood days are put aside,
  May *they* dream dreams for six, at Christmas-tide!

Elder John H. Taylor

One of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies

By Carl A. Badger

JOHN H. TAYLOR, recently chosen one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies, was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on June 28, 1875. His birth place was a three roomed typical pioneer structure that still stands just north of the Jackson School between First and Second North Streets on Seventh West Street. His father was Thomas Edward Taylor, a son of President John Taylor, and his wife, Elizabeth Keighen. John's mother, Emma Louise Harris, was the daughter of Thomas Harris and Elizabeth Morris Harris, both of them English by birth.

John attended the Fourteenth Ward Sunday School and among his earliest teachers he recalls John W. Taylor and Mathias F. Cowley, afterwards Apostles, and the late Henry Elder who taught him the life of Christ. The first school was in the Fourteenth Ward Meeting House. Later he went to the Eighteenth Ward Seminary under Gideon M. Mumford. Among those who attended school at the same time was a girl who was very much provoked that the other girls would not play baseball with the boys and who enjoyed using a boy's baseball bat. Had John known that this girl would someday be his wife he would have paid more attention to her and perhaps the interest would have been mutual, though strange to say neither of the persons vitally concerned can now recall the other of those days.

JOHN'S father had a hay, grain and produce business and John early became acquainted with the tasks of sorting potatoes and candling eggs. Truthfulness necessitates the admission that he was not enamored of these duties. As a boy John sang alto in the Tabernacle Choir and worshipped from afar soloists Bessie Dean Allison and Viola Pratt Gillett. He almost grew up in the theatre. His grandfather Taylor always had a box for the use of the family. John took his turn with the other grandchildren in kneeling down by the box rail and watching the performance. His grandfather Harris was door keeper so there was no keeping John away from the show house. He sold ice cream in the dizzy heights of the third circle, and then achieved a boyish ambition by acting the part of a girl in the juvenile opera "Billy Taylor."

John also attended school for some time in the old Brigham Young School House which stood on the present site of the Bransford Apartments. Finally he reached the Fremont School on Second West and was graduated therefrom under the teachership of the wife of the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah, Mrs. D. N. Straup. For a short time he went to the old Salt Lake High School, across the street south from Temple Square. Charles Gillilan was principal. Here he played on the high school football team. Later he went to the L. D. S. College. In those days there was a strong disinclination on the part of Church School authorities to encourage what was regarded as the dangerous sport of football, and John who was very much interested in the

game joined a team of local celebrity organized by the Y. M. C. A. On this team John T. Axton, who afterwards became Chaplain General of the United States Armies during the World War was center. John was a football hero. His friends remember a famous game played against the University of Utah on a muddy football field in which he made a long run. This was the only game which his mother ever witnessed. For easily understandable reasons he did not encourage her presence at football exhibitions. John's friends were very much interested in his football activities and they still remember the almost unrecognizable, mud - be - spattered champion who bore the applause of the crowd and the keen admiration of his friends with modesty and silence. John had by this time developed the characteristics which were to remain outstanding through life. He said nothing during the game. His way was to act, not to talk. He accepted the rulings of the umpire without protest and was regarded by everyone as a "good sport." He played the game with every ounce of energy in his powerful body.

John graduated from the L. D. S. College, which was then situated on First North Street on the old Ellerbeck property in 1895. At the L. D. S. College there was formed a group of young men and women who took themselves very seriously. They used to meet once a week and discuss the problems of personal, community, national and international wellbeing. On one occasion each of them solemnly arose and declared his ideals and life's ambitions.

JOHN was not yet twenty-one when on January 25, 1896, he left home for a mission to England. He was set apart for his mission and ordained a Seventy by President Heber J. Grant, then an Apostle. The mission lasted for two years. John served most of the time as clerk of the Nottingham Conference. President Anthon H. Lund was there presiding over the European Mission at this time.

It was almost as hard for a returned missionary to find work in 1898 when John returned, as it is now, and he can recall how when he applied for a job in handling freight at the U. P. Freight Offices the man looked him over and told him that his clothes and his hands indicated that he was not cut out to "juggle" freight. John then served a short apprenticeship in dentistry with Dr. T. A. Clawson, now Bishop of the Eighteenth Ward.

In 1898 he went to Chicago and enrolled in the Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

FATE had a novel way of promoting publicity of the engagement between John and Ray. At the close of the first year he developed appendicitis and President Grant took John's mother and his daughter on a hurried trip to Chicago. This precipitated the announcement of the engagement of the young couple and the marriage took place September 20, 1899. Mrs. Taylor went with her husband to Chicago for his second year's training where they went through the mild hardships of cramped quarters, the top circle of the theatre on Saturday nights, and the strictly limited budget of expenditures that was the normal lot of the ambitious young married folk of those days.

Upon his graduation Mr. and Mrs. Taylor went to live in Forest Dale Ward where they purchased a home in what was a favorite locality for those starting married life,

but which in those days was not overly supplied with street cars.

IN 1907 Brother Taylor was called to the Netherlands Mission where he remained for three years, laboring in the French speaking section of Belgium. He then returned and after a post graduate course at his old school in Chicago, aimed to give familiarity with the newest methods, he again commenced practice of his profession at home. Unfortunately, as he deeply felt on account of the strain of his work on his eyes he relinquished his profession, and shortly after was called by President Joseph F. Smith to act as director of athletics in the Y. M. M. I. A. Athletics had assumed a more insistent place in the development of youth and it was felt necessary to give them some direction. Brother Taylor supervised the intensive courses of instruction given to young men called from all over the Church for the purpose of developing leaders in athletics. Scouting came to the front about this time and Brother Taylor introduced it in the Mutual Improvement organization. Later the Mutual Improvement Association of Scouts affiliated with the National organization. In 1913 he was appointed the first Scout Commissioner in Utah when the local group was chartered by the National organization. Brother Taylor served for twelve years in connection with the Mutual Improvement Association as field man, necessitating constant travelling and absence from home.

IN 1923 he was called to preside over the Northern States Mission headquarters at Chicago, Illinois. This position he held for a little over five years. In 1928 he was released and given charge of the Missionary Home at Salt Lake City, a position which he still holds. During his term of service more than 4,000 missionaries have passed through the home, most of them receiving a two weeks course in preliminary and intensive training for their service in the field.

AN outstanding quality in the leadership of young men as exhibited by President Taylor has been his quiet and unassuming attitude towards those with whom he has worked. He has always believed in and has made operative in his various undertakings with young men what may be called the honor system. Men who come to the Mission Home, as was the case in the Mission over which President Taylor presided, are informed by him that he trusts them, that they are responsible to God and themselves, and that he relies upon them to do their full and complete duty. In his long experience with thousands of young men, President Taylor says that he finds that this method, the only one which he feels he can successfully use, has brought the desired response in heightened appreciation and faithful performances of duty.

WHEN called upon publicly in the Tabernacle to speak after his appointment to the high position which he now holds, President Taylor referred feelingly to the supreme influences in his life represented by his mother and his wife. It is fitting that a few words be said of the splendid character and useful life of Emma Harris Taylor, the mother of President Taylor. At the good age of eighty-one years she still smiles at life and with serene confidence looks forward to the future. As a child of four years she crossed the plains

RACHEL GRANT TAYLOR

in an ox team. Brother Taylor is the third of her family of fifteen children. The young people of today would open wide their eyes at a table normally spread three times a day for about twenty persons. Throughout her busy life she has exemplified high qualities of gentleness, serenity, self-control and love. The performance of duty was to her a joy. Life held within the confines of her home an abundant reward for high and unselfish service. With gentle words and loving deeds she filled the hours of a long, useful life and her reward follows her in the riches that are far above mere material things. In these days when we are attracted by so much that is shallow and unimportant in all of the activities of life it is restful and inspiring to remember the lives of those who have been earnest and joyous in the accomplishment of hard but worthwhile tasks.

In addition to the performance of the labors of wife and mother, Rachel Grant Taylor has shared with her husband the duties and responsibilities of his missionary undertakings and other public callings. She, while in the Mission Field, presided over and worked with the Relief Society and experienced the satisfaction which comes from participation in the cultural and social activities of the mature womanhood of the Church. Since her return she has been the mother of the Missionary Home, and has thereby met thousands of young men and young women entering upon what to many of them is the greatest experience of their lives, the years spent in proclaiming the Gospel of Christ. She is a woman of strong character, having a high sense of duty, and shares with her husband a deep appreciation of the humorous situations of life.

If an attempt were to be made to summarize the character of John H. Taylor it would be that he is dependable and faithful to the limit. He possesses strength and executive ability with unassuming and modest exterior, and depends for results upon calling forth from others their best service. He is considerate and has a deep and abiding sense of humor. He will always be found at the post of duty.

Anne Brent, Helpmate

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

I

ANNE opened her eyes in the darkness and lay listening. Yes, it was one of the twins crying. Jan's tooth must be aching again. She slipped from the bed, carefully not to waken Peter, and hurried up stairs to find the little fellow sitting up in bed holding a swollen cheek. She brought the hot-water bottle and cotton and oil of cloves from the bath room as she chided herself for neglecting to make an appointment with the dentist when the child had complained several days ago.

Before she had Jan quieted, Jean was awake and she had to tell them the story of the little prince and the big white elephant before they were willing for her to turn off the light and go back to bed.

As Anne started down the hall she heard the clock in the dining room strike three. A hint of dawn was coming in at the window at the head of the stairs. She had taken two steps down when she noticed that the door to Quint's room was open. Her heart came to her throat with a strange dread. If it had been any of the other doors along the hall—but Quint always kept his closed. He demanded privacy. He was the only one of the children that at times completely baffled Anne. Often she felt as if she would give the world to know what was going on back of his dark smouldering eyes. And since he was mixed in a gang escapade a few months before, she had wracked her brain to find some means of breaking down the wall of reserve he kept around him. Morris had passed through adolescence without giving them this kind of worry at least.

Before she entered the room Anne knew she would not find Quint there. Where could he be? Was he with the gang again? Was it possible their lesson had not been sufficient? She felt as if she could not go again through the agony she had suffered over the boy's delinquency.

The covers of the bed had not even been turned down. Anne's fingers gripped the cord of her faded bath-robe as she wondered what to do. Should she waken Peter? He had seemed so stern before and she wondered if that unwavering sense of right Peter always exhibited was one thing that kept Quint isolated from them. She knew that Peter loved the children as much as she did and was as interested in their welfare and was as willing to work and sacrifice for them. But she never had been able to acquire his philosophic way of looking at their mistakes and weaknesses over which she worried so much.

He argued that if they did all they could for the children—they'd given them a good name, clean, healthy bodies, a comfortable home, training in decent habits, and better than average opportunities—then it was up to the children themselves to make good, and if they didn't, that he and she shouldn't spoil their own lives worrying over what they couldn't help.

This sounded sensible, but she couldn't put the theory into practice. Now as she stood helplessly looking down at Quint's empty bed, she wondered how she could endure

such anxiety and yearning as filled her heart.

She decided not to waken Peter. Perhaps he would get up and scour the town because of her suffering, or he would call up the parents of the other boys, or even the police, and she felt that none of these things would help. She must find a way to Quint's confidence. That was the only solution.

So she stole down stairs and back to bed and lay thinking, wondering, praying. She could hear the clock ticking off the slow seconds. It struck four, then half past. Then at last she heard the board at the foot of the back stairs creak. She held her breath to make sure. The next to-the-top step would creak also. The welcome sound came and tears of relief ran over her cheeks.

Peter turned at her stifled sobs and asked sleepily. "Wh' smatter?" She lay perfectly still and soon his regular breathing was resumed. But Anne did not sleep. She saw the dawn creep in at the windows and outline the familiar objects in the room. There was Peter's traveling bag on a chair by the dresser, packed all but for his shaving things, for his trip to Layton. She wondered if this merger he was going to see about would bring all the advantages to their little mercantile business Peter thought it would. Might it not be just another of the big ideas that came to him frequently with a lack of feasibility he could not see? Well, she must not worry about that. If Peter thought it was a good thing, she was going to try to think so too.

Anne thought of the heavy day ahead, the ironing to finish, the beans to pick and can, seeing about Jan going to the dentist, fixing Gloria's green dress so she could go to the class outing—trying to win Quint's confidence so he would explain. Oh, she must do that. She couldn't endure this nightmare of worry.

She must get that box off to Suzannne with the books and sketches she had asked for. She wondered just how interested Suzanne was in the European professor she mentioned in nearly every letter lately. She didn't like some of the things she said about his philosophy —what was it, she tried to recall, in this last letter? Something about "individual emancipation," "courage to turn aside from time-worn conventions." Could it be that Suzanne was taking on some type of dangerous free-thinking?

Anne sighed. One's worries with a family didn't end, as most young parents think, when the children are grown-up. No. Not even when they were married. Why she worried just as much over Morris and Phyllis and little Junior as she had worried over Morris when he was Junior's age. She wished Phyllis was a little more competent. Perhaps all mothers had that feeling about their daughters-in-law, but she had had a feeling lately that Morris was becoming indifferent to Phyllis. Why couldn't he have taken her's and Peter's advice and waited until he was through college before marrying? Then perhaps he would have chosen a girl with a little more depth and maturity. Well, she mustn't cross their bridges for them.

ANNE was just dozing off when Peter awoke. He began to stretch and yawn and scratch his head. She wished he didn't make such a fuss about waking up. She felt sleepy now, and he had told her not to get up to fix his breakfast. He'd take a glass of milk and some fruit and eat later during the half hour the train stopped at Castle

Junction. Of course she knew that Peter had known even while he was telling her that she *would* get up and cook his eggs and toast and cereal. She believed she would just take him at his word this time and try to get an hour's sleep.

But as soon as Peter got into the bath room he began hacking and clearing his throat in that annoying way that had always provoked her, and she knew that she couldn't go to sleep now.

As Anne dressed, she recalled how she used to suffer over that throat-clearing habit of Peter's. She had let it get on her nerves during the first year they were married, until she had felt she couldn't endure it. Then one day she had told Peter about it when they were having a little quarrel over something else, and he had retorted that he guessed she had some irritating habits too. But when she had demanded that he name them, he had gathered her into his arms and said "Let's forget it," and never in all their twenty-four years of married life had she been quite sure that she knew just which habits he had meant. She smiled now at the thought of how upset she had been over such a little thing as the way a man cleared his throat.

SHE slipped into the kitchen through the dining room, went to the laundry room to wash and smooth her hair, so that when Peter came into the kitchen she had his breakfast ready as a little surprise. Once Mattie Daniels, a neighbor, had asked Anne what she considered the chief essential for keeping happiness in the home and Anne had answered, "Surprises." Peter had given her the hint which had developed into this surprise practice of hers, years ago when she used to make out menus for a week or a month at a time and hang them above the sink. "I wish you'd hide those things," he had said. "A man doesn't want to know what he's going to eat a month ahead of time."

When he came out and exclaimed over the breakfast and told her she shouldn't have done it, Anne felt as pleased as if this same routine hadn't been repeated every time Peter had gone out of town for years.

Although Anne was tempted to talk about Quint, or the disconcerting allusions in Suzanne's letter, she refrained. Instead she led Peter to talk of the merger and of the benefit this whole part of the state would receive from it. He glowed when he elaborated on the particular big idea he was fostering in his mind at any given time. And even though Anne couldn't find much enthusiasm in his plans—they had failed so many times— she loved to hear him and watch him when he was under the spell of one of them. Then he was magnificent and she saw him as he might have been had he not inherited his grandfather Lancaster's impracticability, along with his father's vision and enthusiasm.

AFTER Peter had gone Anne started briskly on her day's work. She started a fire in the laundry range for the canning. Then she went out to gather beans. She should have called Quint to help her, but she knew boys of sixteen must have their sleep, and besides she hadn't decided what to do about his being out. She wished she could do or say something that would cause him to confide in her before he went to the service station. Both Quint and Gloria worked at the combination store and service station owned by Peter.

After picking a large basket full

of beans, Anne went in to get breakfast for the children.

Quint was the first one to come after she had called. Anne was puzzled that he seemed more cheerful and less restrained than usual. He wasn't demonstrative as Morris had always been, but this morning as he passed her, he patted her arm and said, "Thanks Mom for fixing that rip in my coveralls." Anne was on the point of asking him where he had been last night, when Gloria came in, dressed in her new suit.

"Mother, the Shriners are going to the Grange this afternon for their annual outing," she said in explanation of her costume. "The other day when Mr. Meekin was in the store he said if he got back from Castle Junction he wanted me to go with him. They're going to have dinner at the lodge and swim and dance afterwards. I though if I wore this I could leave right from the store if he did come. I'd phone and get Kate Ostler to come and help Henry."

Anne stopped dishing cereal and looked at her daughter a bit discouraged.

"But you know, Gloria, that your father and I do not approve of your going out with that man—he's so much older, and we know so little about him."

"You mean you don't know him, and you don't want to. I've known him for—months, and he's the swellest man whose ever paid any attention to me. He knows how to treat a girl, and has something to talk about. You and Dad never seem to want us to be happy."

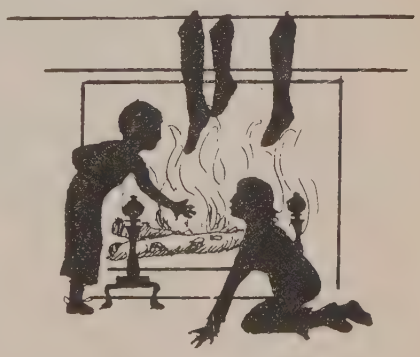
Anne busied herself with the toast she was buttering.

"Perhaps you won't realize until you are a parent yourself, Gloria that the biggest object in your father's and my lives is to try to help you children find the greatest happiness possible. You know how we feel about your going with that man." Anne was glad of a call from one of the twins. She wasn't an indecisive person, but she liked the children to learn to make right decisions for themselves.

Before she was through helping Jean and Jan, she heard Gloria and Quint in the front hall. There was a touch of poutiness in Gloria's short goodbye. Anne sighed. She wasn't sure whether the girl would go or not. She hadn't changed her dress. And she would have Quint to worry about all day too.

Then as she caught herself answering the twins questions in an absent way, she suddenly took herself to task. She had learned that often the things she worried most about turned out to be the things over which there should have been no concern. She remembered a little prayer her own mother had suggested to her once in the early days of her married life when it had seemed that the problems of being a helpmate were overpowering her. "You must pray for God to keep you from letting the little things of life shut out the big, beautiful wonderful things about your job."

(To be continued)



LATTER-DAY SAINT CHAPEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

NOW may the Christmas candle burn in every window, and the light of love in every heart.

GOOD books are always acceptable and appropriate gifts. They hold treasures of the human mind, uplifting, pleasurable and indestructible.

NANCY LEE SWAN in her book "Pao Chao" claims this great scholar was the first woman to plead for higher education of women. Had ancient China, which claims to be the mother of civilization, heeded her pleading and accepted her philosophy there would have been a far different story than the foot binding, physical and mental torture of the Chinese woman. Pao Chao lived the first century A. D.

SUSAN ERTZ, English novelist, has written the epic story of the Mormon migration and early life among the settlers of Utah, entitled, "The Proselyte." The outstanding chapter is the vivid description of the sufferings and disaster which befell the ill-fated handcart company of 1856. Her characters are chosen from an ignorant and fanatical class giving an entirely wrong impression of the pioneers of Utah, who were a far different type. As a record of events, it is perhaps as true as any work of fiction yet written about the Mormon people by any one not of their faith.

OLGA KNOFF, noted psychiatrist, has written a new book "The Art of Being a Woman," in which she argues only by cooperation and not antagonism can women develop equality.

SHEILA KAYE SMITH has again pleased her reading public with a story of Sussex life called "Gipsy Wagon."

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT'S book, "It's Up to the Women," contains advice on home making and rearing a family, while incidentally she urges women to enter politics and public life.

IRENA SKARIATINA, Russian exiled princess, has written another book on Russia. It is called "First to go Back." She is the only royalist yet given permission by the Soviets to revisit her native land.

SIGRID UNSET'S latest novel, "The Burning Bush," closes a trilogy with Paul Selmer the leading figure. The book is not at all equal to the wonderful books giving the life of Kristin Landsvatter, but is a colorful story of Norwegian life.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S latest endeavor is a crusade against crime by women. Her plan of organization if carried out might be both possible and effective.

ISHBEL MACDONALD, beautiful M. P., in the midst of her campaigning, has succumbed to Cupid's darts and become engaged to a professor of Ethics at Montreal.

WOMEN of the Philippines have been granted suffrage—the first among oriental women to have this privilege.

MISS SOPHRONIA BECKENRIDGE the woman member of Secretary Hull's delegation to Montevideo is an outstanding authority on social and economic questions both local and national. Her appointment to this delegation is a distinct recognition of service and ability and a high compliment to the womanhood of the nation.

Christmas

Given over KSL December 23, 1932

By Elise B. Alder

"Why do bells on Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?
Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger—cradle bright.

"There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And his mother sang and smiled
'This is Christ, the holy child.'
So the bells for Christmas ring,
So the little children sing."
—*Lydia A. C. Ward.*

CHRISTMAS as we all know is a most delightful day. People all over our broad land, even those who do not recognize its beautiful religious significance, unite joyously in this time of gift giving and good will to all mankind. There is a legend that on every Christmas eve the little Christ child wanders all over the world bearing on its shoulders a bundle of ever greens. Through city streets and country lanes, up and down hill, to proudest castle and lowliest hovel, through cold and storm and sleet and ice, this holy child travels to be welcomed or rejected at the doors at which he pleads for succor. Those who would invite Him and long for His coming set a lighted candle in the window to guide Him on His way hither. They also believe that He comes to them in the guise of any alms craving wandering person who knocks humbly at their door for sustenance, thus testing their benevolence. In many places the aid rendered the beggar, is looked upon as hospitality shown to Christ. This legend embodies the true Christmas spirit which realizes with a rush of love to the heart, the divinity in every one of the least of these our brethren. Selfishness is rebuked, the feeling of universal brotherhood is fostered while the length of this holiday season, by encouraging the reunions of families and of friends, provides a wonderful rallying place for early affections.

A wholesome and joyous current of religious feeling flows through the entire Season to temper its extravagance and regulate its mirth. Christmas is the birthday of One whose chief contribution to the human heart and mind was His message of boundless universal love. He brought to the world the greatest thing in the world and that is why the Season of His birth has won such an intimate place in our hearts and why its joyous bells find an echo there.

IF the spiritual good cheer of Christmas Day were generally manifested throughout the year it would transform mankind. Love is still the greatest thing in all the world and winged messengers of joy carol these words:

"So old and strange the Wise men seem,
And yet, how well we know
'Twas your Dream and my Dream
They followed long ago!

"The camel bells sound faint and far,
But though they fall so light,
'Twas your Star and my Star
They followed through the night."
—*Nancy Byrd Turner.*

Like the Wise men of the East who brought gifts to the Christ Child, we make gifts at Christmas

time. Let us choose wisely, give intelligently and not extravagantly.

"A mother was watching on Christmas night
Rocking her babe by the candle light
And she lifted her eyes in the gathering gloom
For the Christ Child stood in her lowly room.
'What shall I give to thy child?' He said,
Softly caressing the sleeper's head—
'Nay! said the mother, O angel guest,
Give her what ever thou deemest best:'
'What shall I give her, O mother mild,
Ask what thou wilt for thy little child.
Shall I kiss her brow that her eyes may shine
With a beauty that man will call divine?
Shall I touch her lips that they may flow
With songs the sweetest the world may know?'
'Nay! said the mother that will not stay
Songs are forgotten and hair turns gray.'
'But what shall I give her?' He asked again,
'Ask and thou shalt not ask in vain.'
And the mother lifted her eyes above
'Give her purity, truth and love;' and the
Christ Child turned to her gentle and mild
'Thou has't chosen the best for thy little child
Be not afraid though life be sore
I shall be with her forever more'."

George McDonald says—"If instead of a gem or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give."

The most obvious lesson in Christ's teaching is that happiness is not in having or in getting but only in giving.

THERE are many strange customs in celebrating the Yuletide. But one thing is the same everywhere, The Universal Christmas Spirit. It makes us feel more than ever that people all over the land are very much like one big family after all. It is a beautiful custom derived from days of yore that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing memories of childhood It seems to throw open every door, unlock every heart. "Happy, happy Christmas that can win us back to the delusions of our childhood days." "Peace on earth, good will to men" is the message "In peace the earth grows kindly and benef icent: With good will men grow kindly and loving. In peace the earth laughs in its harvests; in good will men joy in their gifts.

Henry Van Dyke says: It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day, but there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem over 1900 years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas. To give is to gain."

And unless Christmas means some sacrifice and some radiance of joy and comfort and hope to a human being, it will indeed be a dull and

cheerless Yuletide. Let this Christmas be one of happiness, and the new year will be radiant with hope and filled with the impulse of doing some thing for somebody every day.

"What angels sang on that first Christmas morn,
'Good will to men', 'The Prince of Peace is born.'
Breaks once again in benediction clear,
Sure song of God, the climax of the year.
'Good will and peace', the song is on the air,
'Good will and peace,' I hear it everywhere—
'Peace on earth', in purpose divine,
'Good will to men'—and a good will to mine
Oh friends unseen, no gift is in my power;
Gold would be dross in this triumphant hour.
Take, then, the strains the angels sing to me
'Good will and peace, I send it all to thee'."

Happy Mothers

By Marba C. Josephson

WINTER holds so much joy for children that parents ought to share it. Winter boasts the greatest holidays. Hallowe'en formally opens the season; Thanksgiving gives it a push; Christmas is its peak; Valentine's Day and Washington's birthday help let down gradually from the intense excitement of the Yule season; and Easter formally opens the door to summer.

Besides these holidays, think of the fun of winter; snowballing, skiing, skating, sledding. Instead of getting into the spirit of the season, mothers develop a dirt complex. They "see through a glass darkly" and think of the smoky, streaky windows, of the muddy floors, of messy galoshes and rubbers, and of clumsy overcoats.

What mothers need to do is to cheer their souls by a very simple measure—by decorating the windows of their homes. Don't throw your hands up in horror at the idea. Put those hands to work getting cutouts, drawing pictures, finding blunt scissors for your young hopefuls, and then sit back to watch the fun.

Magazines abound in timely pictures that can be copied, cut out, or easily traced. Save a copy of the pictures for use in succeeding years.

Windows do especially try one's patience so sorely in winter. Whether the children go near them or not they have to be washed every week or two. The washing can seem so much more worthwhile and profitable by having fun with the windows during the time between washings. Children crave change. Unlike grown-ups who feel lost when anything is moved from its accustomed place, children like the new. Window trimming satisfies this urge without greatly disturbing time-honored arrangements for the older members of the family. This change will come about naturally and happily by using the holiday system of window decoration.

Beginning with Hallowe'en, mothers should make the most of their windows. The cutouts for this holiday glued to the windows create an especially spooky atmosphere. Black cats, witches with their brooms, orange jack-o-lan-

terns show up beautifully against the clear light.

The Thanksgiving window scene will very properly have Indians and their tepees, bleak black trees, the Pilgrim fathers with their muskets, mothers and children with their prayer and hymn books—and the great American turkey!

Christmas decorations are legion. In one window, Santa Claus rides his sleigh with his "eight tiny reindeer." Beneath him the houses with their lights ablaze eagerly await "the prancing and pawing of each little hoof." In another window, the Christmas tree twinkles as St. Nicholas places the presents (sleds, dolls, trains—all cut outs or drawings) around it. In still another one, the family is seen coming into the room on Christmas morning.

THE main attraction for Christmas, however, should emphasize the Christ story. Every home can easily accomplish this object by creating a scene from the Christ's birth. A small wooden box can be covered on the outside with tissue or Christmas paper. The stable can be a strawberry box with a smaller box for the manger. Over the top of the strawberry box, wisps of hay or straw can be placed to give the effect of a thatched roof. The manger also should be filled with hay. A few large rocks placed in the rear of the box gives the illusion of hills. Sprigs of dill create the impression of palms. Flat pebbles make the roadway, and straw scattered around resembles the stubble.

Tiny animals of wood will help the scene. Good pictures of these can be drawn, cut out, colored, and by leaving a base one-half inch wide can be glued in place to the base of the larger box. A picture of the three wise men and their camels can be placed at one side of the box, or shepherds can be grouped around the stable. Many stores sell small dolls at the rate of five for five cents. The youngsters can stitch clothes to have these dolls represent Mother Mary, the Holy Infant, and Joseph.

The children derive no end of joy from helping create this little stage. They can cut tiny gold stars to hang from the top of the box. Three Christmas tree icicles may represent the rays of the one wondrous star which, of course, must be larger than the rest. The true Christmas message can be portrayed in this way to teach a better lesson of humility than probably could be taught through many speeches about it.

Often winter calls forth the thought of crowded noisiness. By careful planning and foresight, mother can make her winters a real source of happiness. If mother will take a bit of care in starting the children on an idea for decoration, she will find that they will move forward rapidly towards its accomplishment. They will work toward an end carefully and quietly. They will be developed individually. Most important of all, they will become conscious of how much better are the results that can be accomplished from unified group activity. If the youth of our land can learn the value of cooperation in such a small activity as home decoration, there will be less danger, when that youth grows to manhood, of unwillingness to work together on vital matters.

MOTHER will be surprised at what even the youngest can

do with his cutting and pasting. She will discover that the children can do most of the work themselves if she will give occasional suggestions and a helping hand over some of the rough spots.

When it comes to paste, nearly all children have an inordinate fondness for eating it as well as for using it. The following recipe answers both requirements satisfactorily.

Paste

¾ c. boiling water
2 tb. minute tapioca
2 tb. sugar
A pinch of salt

Place all ingredients in the double boiler and cook until very thick. Cool and use.

The youngsters can use cheap paint brushes or flat sticks as paste spreaders.

Mother's reading may be the inspiration for window decoration and may easily direct the children to a lesson activity of the greatest importance. After she has read the Joseph story, for instance, she can suggest that they make the picture of the brothers with their sheep, their cattle, and their tents. She may have a scene from Pharaoh's court. It may be that the children would like particularly well to draw the Ishmaelitish caravan of camels on its way to Egypt.

An important part of the activity is the lesson of cleaning up after the fun is all over. Children will need a great deal of encouragement to gather the scraps. If they have brooms and dust pans of their very own, the collecting of the waste becomes sport. When there have been minor accidents such as spilling of paints or paste on the floor, their own mops are so much nicer for cleaning up the mess.

Mothers must make the most of their opportunity to create happy purposeful children during the winter months. Probably when mothers start the winter it will be a real effort to find the necessary patience to drop their work on the instant and run to cut an intricate pattern from a magazine. As the work progresses these same mothers will be so eager for more window space that, in spite of the old adage, and their aversion to smoky windows, they will probably be wishing for glass houses!

Mary

By Camille C. Nuffer

She knew the bitter pain
The agony of birth
She suffered not in vain
To bring her babe to earth

She knew that joy so sweet—
Her babe held to her breast
The shepherds at her feet,
Her humble couch did bless

And yet that pain of birth
Was sweet oh! sweet beside
That she knew when He
Her babe was crucified.

Relief Society Conference

By Julia A. F. Lund

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

Mary C. Kimball, Member of General Board

ONE hundred years ago Chicago consisted of a few huts, huddled about Fort Dearborn for protection from the Indians. Four years after it was incorporated as a village, it had only 4,000, today it has nearly 4,000,000. It is the second largest City in the United States and the fourth largest city in the world. It has thousands of acres of parks and supervised playgrounds; it has eighty-four miles of beautiful boulevards. It is one of the greatest railroad centers, grain markets, live-stock and packing centers and has one of the most important ports.

One hundred years ago trapping and fur trading was its only industry. Today it has 10,000 or more industries, with a wholesale value of $4,000,000,000. Born in the marshes, raised 12 to 14 feet by human skill and industry, it is now the commercial and cultural capitol of millions of people.

It is noted as an art center, and for its prowess in medicine. It has great libraries and museums. Many go to the city to enjoy its grand opera and symphony orchestra. It is noted for its colleges and universities. Is it to be wondered at that in pride Chicago celebrates her Centennial?

She was not turned aside because of the economic awryness of things, nor because progress seemed to be halted. She remembered that in 1893 she had invited the World to celebrate with her when unemployment was wide-spread, when there was a financial panic, and when she was still recovering from the fire of 1871, that had left 100,000 people homeless and destroyed $190,000,000 worth of property.

On August 17, 1923, Mayor Dever appointed a committee to plan for Chicago's great Centennial. Mayor Thompson dropped the matter, but in 1927 he was urged to reconsider the question and a meeting of citizens was called. January 5, 1928, a Century of Progress was organized as an Illinois Corporation, having for its charter purpose, the holding of a World's Fair in Chicago in 1933. It was specified that no profits can accrue to members. If any funds are left, after the Exposition is closed, they will be distributed to organizations consonant with the purpose of the Century of Progress.

On February 5, 1929, Congress authorized the President, on the assurance that $5,000,000 had been raised by the Corporations, to invite the Nations of the World to participate, and on January 10, 1930 the invitation was sent out.

The theme of the Century of Progress is "ACHIEVEMENT AND ITS PROMISE." It is intended to bring assurance that "the steady march of progress has not, however, swerved aside, been seriously retarded, and that so called recessions are temporary like the cloud that for a moment obscures the sun."

As one visits the Exposition with whirling brain, palpitating heart and with bowed head, he exclaims, "What man has wrought." "Truly from darkness into night, the world rolls into light. It is daybreak everywhere."

The buildings of the Exposition

are unique. The architects had in mind that they were to be used for 150 days and not for many years, and they constructed them so that they could be easily torn down and the material salvaged. They also desired that the Exposition should serve as a laboratory for future builders. The buildings are largely windowless, but the interior lighting is so fine, that on the darkest day one can see the exhibits.

One may here see all that man knows about lighting. The inverted, shaded, and color effects are varied and beautiful. The gas tube lighting in blue, green and yellow, when turned on at night, makes a fairyland beyond description.

In the buildings also, one may experience the last word in ventilation and cooling effects.

Either at the gate-way or within the grounds, stand more than $20,000,000 worth of permanent buildings. Among them are the Adler Planatarium, The Chicago Art Institute, the Field Museum of Natural History, and the Shedd Aquarium.

The buildings house a most wonderful exhibit, showing what man has wrought during the last hundred years. It is like an encyclopedia come to life, telling the story of man's mastery over nature. "New and unique methods of exhibition satisfy this generation's urge for animation and motion. Instead of mere rows of finished products or equipment, the exhibition presents a panorama showing how the products we use every day are made and assembled." In one building automobiles are made while people watch the process.

Of all the buildings, the Hall of Science is the center of attraction. Two floors are devoted to the basic sciences: Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology, and Medicine. The ground floor is devoted to medicine and industrial applications of science. The stories of medicine, dentistry and pharmacology here depicted are most interesting. A giant transparent man that took eighteen months to make at a cost of $10,000 is a constant source of interest.

The United States, Italy, Austria, Holland and Canada all have extensive exhibits showing what has been accomplished in their countries during the last hundred years.

The exhibits showing the work of Pasteur, Koch and Welcome are extensive, as is also the display of the American Medical Association. With interest and pride one sees what has been done to control fevers, tuberculosis ,cancer, etc.

In printing, movies, pictures, exhabits varied and startling, one sees the march of the Century and is led to exclaim, "Oh for a background that I might more fully understand the marvels displayed before me."

The Hall of Social Science shows the adjustment of humanity to the changes brought about in living conditions through the medium of science and industry. There are exhibits devoted to child welfare, education, recreation, administration of criminal justice, and the contribution of religion.

One sees the cave life of 50,000 years ago, the life of the Mayas, and is able to contrast the living conditions of the early American homes with those of the present day.

The exhibit of the National Council of Women has a sixty foot Mural showing woman's march towards education, temperance, peace, and her entrance into business and professional fields. It also has books showing pictorially what women have been doing during the last hundred years.

The developments in transporta-

tion are graphically shown. Sixty-four years ago, May 1, 1869, two gangs of laborers met in Ogden in a race from the East to the West and drove the golden spike that completed the span of the Continent. On display in the transportation building one may see the small engines, crude cars, the first horseless carriages, the stage coach that were considered so wonderful many years ago, and contrasted with these, are the latest and most powerful engines, cars palatial in their finishing and equipment, automobiles of the latest make and airplanes of the finest workmanship.

The displays of radio and communication are most interesting.

The Hall of Religion shows what the great religions of the world are today doing for humanity. Our own exhibit shows in painting, sculpture and art glass windows the story of this great people, of their ideals and purposes.

The beautiful homes of today attract daily crowds.

Agriculture, dairying, livestock, mining, all have most interesting displays. Many States have buildings of their own. There is an enchanted isle for the children. The Midway has its various attractions.

As one leaves the Exposition for the last time and walks down the beautiful avenue of flags, he realizes that soon the Century of Progress will be only a memory. It has been a source of great education and pleasure. It has made those who have visited it realize how wonderful has been the progress of the last hundred years. It has set men dreaming of what may yet be. It has started them on a quest to make the future even more glorious than the past. It has made them look up and marvel at what man has wrought. It has given them a hunger to do more and to understand better the story of man's achievements.

DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, Member of General Board

ON the 15th of this month, there will be held in Geneva, Switzerland, a Disarmament Conference.

In February, 1932, a great Disarmament Conference was called and held, but adjourned without accomplishing its objective.

There is no crime so great as war. Any of you who sent your sons or husbands to the Great War realize that. Thousands of people go to the tombs of the Unknown Soldiers in the great capitals of the world and do homage in memory to the thousands of men who were slaughtered in the World War. Thousands of women visit the hospitals all over the different nations, to see the men who were gassed, shell-shocked and crippled, disabled, tubercular—all know of the dreadful things that come through war.

This Conference will be held in Geneva on October 15th. On the eve of that conference a committee of women representing the organized womanhood of the world, with all of the influence and all of the pressure they can bring to bear, will urge the delegates from the different nations to insist that the great powers take action that this Disarmament Conference will not adjourn without some immediate steps for the abolition of war.

Lady Aberdeen, who is the Pres-

ident of the International Council of Women, has sent a message to the Councils connected with the International Council. Through her message, Miss Lena Madesin Phillips, President of the National Council of Women, with which our Relief Society is affiliated, has sent to Sister Robison a very striking message telling her that during these weeks before the Disarmament Conference there will be one thousand meetings held in Great Britain and in France, and she hopes there will be one thousand meetings held in the United States, for the purpose of joining the organized women of the world to bring influence to this Conference that some immediate steps be taken against war.

At the request of the President, I therefore present at this conference the following resolution:

Disarmament Resolution

I move that we, the women of the National Woman's Relief Society join the organized womanhood of the world in the effort to bring about world peace and eliminate all wars by using our utmost influence to bear upon the delegates to the Disarmament Conference to be held this month at Geneva, Switzerland, and by urging upon these delegates the adoption of the plan submitted by the International Council Committee as follows:

1. Substantial reduction of existing armaments.
2. No re-armament.
3. Abolition of aggressive weapons within a definite period and with the immediate elimination of all bombing from the air, of the air weapon in general and of poison gas.
4. Limitation of expenditure to prevent rivalries in armaments.
5. Effective supervision of existing armaments and of arms manufacture and trade.
6. A permanent organization to carry out the above provisions and to carry on the work begun by the Disarmament Conference.

This plan to be accepted by *all* the Great Powers of this Conference be cabled immediately to the Secretary of the Council Committee at Geneva.

COUNSELOR AMY BROWN LYMAN

The International Congress of Women—July, 1933

THE International Congress of Women which met in Chicago in July this year was one of the most noted gatherings of women which has ever been held in the United States. Thirty-three nations were represented by leading women from these nations; and as they sat in general assembly beneath the massed flags of their various countries it appeared to be what it really was—an International gathering.

The International Congress was sponsored by the National Council of Women of the United States of which the Relief Society and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association are not only members, but charter members. The Relief Society was honored by having its President preside at one of the meetings, it being one of eight of the thirty National organizations thus recognized.

Several years ago the National Council decided to take part in the Century of Progress Fair at Chicago. Its plan was two-fold: First, to put on a display at the World's Fair and publish a book to demonstrate the progress and development of women during the last 100 years—this fea-

ture to be in keeping with the general spirit of the Century of Progress; second, to sponsor an International Congress of Women, to discuss present day problems and their solution, and to formulate a program to guide the future work of the women of the world. Through cooperation with the Postal Telegraph Company the Council was able to secure funds to carry out this great project. The Congress was held in the down-town district of Chicago and covered one full week.

The speakers on the program were women of distinction—famed nationally and internationally. There were lawyers, doctors, social workers, economists, educators and philosophers. Foremost among the American speakers were Jane Addams of Hull House—noted humanitarian and advocate of peace, and considered by many to be the greatest woman in the world today; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt—famous suffragist and peace advocate, who during her twenty years presidency of the International Suffrage Association helped to secure the franchise for women in twenty-six countries; Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor; Judge Florence Allen; Lena Madesin Phillips, President of the Council, who, with her keen intellect and ready wit won the hearts of everybody. Some of the foreign women speakers were: The Honorable Margaret Bondfield, the first English woman cabinet member, who served as Secretary of Labor; Dame Rachel Crowdy, England's War heroine, who saw three years active service in the World War, with the Voluntary Aid Detachment, and who is now connected with the League of Nations; Dr. Reddi, of India, a doctor by profession, and who presided over the all-India Women's Conference, and is a sympathizer with Gandhi; a Baroness from Japan; a doctor and President of a College from China; an author from Turkey; a Romanian linguist; a French woman lawyer, etc. Incidentally I call attention to one of the interesting characteristics of the foreign women, which is their great linguistic ability. They all speak a number of languages. An Armenian woman told me that at her home recently at a dinner party of eight, twenty-four languages were represented.

One interesting group was the woman writers and journalists, both foreign and American. Among the American group were: Emily Newell Blair, Associate Editor of *Good Housekeeping;* Miss Oglesby, writer of the *Ladies' Home Journal;* Mrs. Walker of the *Pictorial Review;* Mrs. Keyes of *Good Housekeeping;* Ann Steese Richardson, feature writer for the *Woman's Home Companion;* Marjory Schuler, *Christian Science Monitor.* These women all took active part in the discussions.

The Congress consisted of general sessions and department session, or round table sessions. In the general sessions there were discussions on "The World As It Is," "The World as it Could Be," "Women in a Changing World," "Youth Plans for a Civilized World." In the department meetings the general theme was "Security and Opportunity"—security through employment, through buying power and through the Government, security against destructive forces—war, crimes, disease, poverty, prejudice; opportunity through education and recreation.

"The World As It Is." In her opening address, Miss Phillips, President of the National Council of Women, said:

"I am a militant. I hope that women have come to a time when they will not be so complacent about passing resolu-

tions and will put a little punch into work instead of words. I firmly believe that we must begin by electing women to office. If the women who attend this convention should go home and elect a woman to office in every one of their communities, to the school board, to the city council or to the legislature, then we would cease to be led around by the nose, politically speaking, and would begin to direct affairs ourselves. The next step is for everybody to learn something more than they now know about economic questions. Even our best people hardly know what to do. We must spread around this national wealth of which there is enough for everyone. The reluctance to do this is because each is afraid that he will lose the position he now has and emerge with a little less than his present wealth. This fear is what we must wipe out.

"World friendship is not so well expressed by sending shiploads of food and clothing to less fortunate people in devastated areas as it would be through a world planning which would obviate the need of spasmodic generosities. A passionate desire for peace proves itself more clearly by curtailment of the manufacture and sale of arms than by the exchange of polite and superficial words. We cannot truly desire the welfare of all unless we are willing to participate in the changes necessary to secure that welfare.

"We have mastered production; we have not mastered distribution. We have not learned how to make the machine the servant, rather than the master of man. We have not lifted the burden of fear under which parents must bring up their children. We have not lifted black despair from many an aged worker. We have not learned how to attain a settled currency or how to exchange goods among the nations. We have not yet learned how to keep peace between individuals or between nations. And yet these problems can and must be solved. * * * To such endeavor we dedicate this Congress on 'Our Common Cause—Civilization'."

At an evening session economic security through Government was discussed under three headings; Under Communism, by a Russian woman; Under Fascism, by an Italian Professor; Under Democracy by Margaret Bondfield. While Russia and Italy were reported as being greatly improved by communism and fascism respectively, Miss Bondfield, speaking for democracy, created the greatest interest and sympathy.

Under the subject "Women in a Changing World," it was reported from Latin Armenia that the women are advancing, but have not yet obtained suffrage. From Europe came the word that women have lost ground since the War, and are accomplishing very little today. In Turkey and Japan it was reported that the woman movement is growing rapidly.

At the session devoted to "Youth," seventeen young women from as many colleges spoke. They stated that the older generation has handed down to youth a sorry world, which is in a terrible mess. They said in part that the youth of the world want no more war. However adults feel about militarism the youth of the country want no more wars. If called to the colors tomorrow they would refuse to go. Killing men is no one's patriotic duty. Youth says that all forms of militarism must go, drills and uniforms must go, R. O. T. C. must go. It is as foolish for nations to fight each other as for individuals to fight duals. No war has ever settled problems; at the close of a war there are always more problems to solve than there were at the beginning. Slums must be abolished, rent must be lower or wages higher. There must be a new method of taxation which will include income tax. The tax system in vogue has been obsolete for thirty years, a new plan should spread more evenly with income taxes bearing much of the burden. Youth should go into politics. The older generation have led youth into a blind alley, and they will have to work themselves out on a new basis. Youth will demand

world peace, international understanding and security of life, work and reward of labor.

Among the recommendations made were: That member organizations demand Congressional investigation of the private manufacture of arms and munitions in this country, including air-craft development, also traffic in arms with other countries; That they devise programs to promote inter-racial tolerance and understanding; That they study ways and means of interesting their members in electing a high type of official; That they organize themselves into Vigilance Committees for the purpose of making the Recovery Act effective.

The first woman's movement was for sex-equality. This was featured at an International Congress held forty years ago at the World's Fair in Chicago. Women are still interested in this cause where it has not been attained. The second woman's movement decided upon at the great Congress of 1933, is against social systems. The slogan was: "We believe that every person, to whatever sex, race, nationality or creed he or she may belong, is entitled to security of life, work, the reward of labor, health and education; to protection against war and crime and to opportunity for self-expression."

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

I THINK I shall never forget the beauty of that day in Nauvoo, so peaceful, so lovely! I have a letter here from a young woman who wrote to me later about it—"I think the spirit of that morning will never leave me. It was the uniting of the old and the new in a perfect harmony of blending."

We have no members of our Church living in Nauvoo, but the people of the Reorganized Church were most gracious. We arose early, as we wanted to have a little rehearsal of the monument's unveiling. About six o'clock we were over on this beautiful spot, but the Fire Department was out before us. The had taken the fire engine, put it into the Mississippi River, and were pumping water from the river to sprinkle the streets all around the monument. The next thing was the band with the Mayor walking at the head, going down to meet the delegation from the West. Dr. Frederick M. Smith, a grandson of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and now President of the Reorganized Church, came down 24 hours earlier than the ceremonies. He addressed us all as sisters.

We could not help but contrast this time with that when our people were driven out, leaving their lovely homes and all behind them.

We had already written to the Governor and asked him to be in attendance, but that morning a letter was handed to us saying that he was unavoidably detained. However, when the exercises began, in the shade of those lovely spreading trees, a gentleman came who introduced himself as a representative from the Governor of Illinois. Again we were surprised, and we could not help but think of the difference between the Governor of nearly one hundred years ago and the Governor of the State of Illinois today.

We have been asked, is it really a lovely monument? Well I am not an artist, but the spirit of it

is more beautiful than all the artistry that you can imagine. Hearts were made to rejoice, and there was a feeling of friendliness and happiness that I rarely have experienced. Brother George Albert Smith gave a beautiful talk, and offered the dedicatory prayer. A great granddaughter of the Prophet and Emma Smith, Mrs. Bertha Hulmes, had come all the way from Detroit to officiate at the unveiling of the monument. Her little daughter, a great-great-granddaughter of the Prophet and Emma Smith, and my granddaughter from Boston, unveiled the monument. We had a platform erected just a little distance from the monument, and when it was time to unveil the monument, Mrs. Hulmes left the platform, followed by the two girls, who walked in that formation until they came just opposite the monument, and then the girls stepped in front taking their places on each side of the monument. The veil which covered it was made of white material, with blue ribbons on one side and red on the other, a blue and red ribbon coming together in the front. Sisters Lyman, Child, Lund and Kimball stood back to receive this veil so that it would not fall to the ground. The ceremony was beautiful in its simplicity.

We asked permission of the Reorganized Church who own the property, to fill in the basement and let us place the monument right over the spot where the store stood. This was granted, but later both Dr. Frederick M. Smith and Brother Bennion felt that it would be a splendid thing to keep that old basement as a landmark. So the Relief Society (you sisters) paid for having the old rock work of the basement built up with cement, with a coping on the top, and steps leading down, so that it is made into a sunken garden, planted with grass and a number of fine young hardwood trees growing out of the basement, making it a very lovely spot.

I have brought with me a gavel We do not use these in our Church, but Brother Page, one of the Reorganized brethren in Nauvoo, gave this to me. The top of it is made from a piece of hardwood out of the Prophet Joseph's home. The handle comes from Brother Wright's home, the first house built in Nauvoo, making the gavel a very choice gift.

There are so many reasons why we should look back into the past, and know what the people did for us. These fine men and women who not only proclaimed to the world that they knew that God had spoken from the Heavens, and restored the Gospel, but they had the courage to continue during the persecution and hardships, and they were true to their convictions in crossing the plains, and enduring all the privations without complaint or murmur. I often wonder what would have happened if they could have asked for Federal Relief as we do now, and if they had obtained it, and foregone trials, I wonder if they could have handed on to us that courage and strength which they have given us as an inheritance.

There is an issue right now before us that I should like all the women of the Relief Society to consider. How would our parents and grandparents have met this issue? It is the issue of the Eighteenth Amendment. I am sure some of you have heard me speak of it before. I should like you all to think how can a family be

better off with the husband, sons and daughters drinking? How can a mother have more comforts in her home if the ten or one hundred dollars coming into the house goes for drink rather than shoes, bread and milk? Is it possible that a government, a county or state could be run more economically when men and women are using, not only their physical strength, but their intelligence, in defending liquor? They have told us it would reduce taxes. How can it reduce taxes to the laboring people if they have to pay out such a tremendous sum for liquor in order to get the taxes reduced? I would like to have you just consider it in your homes, and talk to your neighbors. Many of them have listened to the arguments of those men who are interested in having the working people pay the taxes instead of the great bond holders.

This afternoon I should like to refer to our pioneers and their ideals, and what they did when it was not popular to be Latter-day Saints, and it did not make for favor to tell people that they were Latter-day Saints.

A few evenings ago a prominent business man in Salt Lake City called me up and said he was thinking of this, and wondered if I would like to have his thoughts as my contribution to you. I said I would like to have his name used, but he said, "It is not necessary, this is yours." I could not present it here today, however, without that much recognition. He seems to have been thinking just as I have been. Last Spring you heard me talk on Prohibition, and you may remember that I closed my talk with a quotation from Calvin Coolidge. May I today repeat this sentiment? "Laws must be justified by something more than the will of the majority. They must rest on the eternal foundations of righteousness." I would like to have that thought carried through while I am reading this letter the gentleman sent to me.

MINORITY OPINION

"Advocates of the liquor traffic defy us to stand out against majority opinion. They maintain that it is sheer madness and bold presumption on our part even to question the validity of the arguments, and resist the influences, to which people all about us seem to have succumbed. How can they so easily ignore all the teachings and lessons of the past? What is it that has always proved to be the mainspring and genesis of human progress if not minority opinion? Can they cite a single case among all the achievements of man where the masses (the majority) have moved spontaneously and willingly in a body toward higher levels? When in all our history has truth been born into a receptive world? We look in vain for such an instance. Invariably a discovery that later was to revolutionize our mode of thought action has germinated in a single brain, nourished in a single soul, presented as a gift to a stubborn, reluctant world. Think of the few courageous souls that have dared fight so-called majority opinion, world opinion, if you please!

"If Washington had followed the dominant opinion of his day there would have been no struggle for Independence. "Make peace with the mother country" was the cry of his fellows. Never at any time did he have the support of more than a fraction of the colonists. Yet the father of our country representing a militant, God-inspired minority opinion, gave birth to freedom and laid the foundation of the greatest government ever conceived by man.

"Respect majority opinion—they say? Did Columbus heed it when he went from court to court seeking aid to make his dreams come true? Did he allow himself to be swerved from his great purpose because he stood alone? How easily he could have changed the fate of mankind had he forsaken the truth in order to join the rabble.

"Picture the courageous Galileo who

dared defy the opinions of the great, the mighty, and the powerful when he made known his discovery in the realm of science!

"Luther! Did he reflect prevailing views when he nailed his theses to the church door? Would religious freedom have been born in his day if he had been cowed into silence by the threats of his opponents? Was he met with applause when he answered his enemies: "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise"?

"Look at that great solemn Abraham Lincoln—the object of the bitterest abuses and slander because of his unshaken adherence to his objective: to maintain a united nation and to strike the shackles from the slave. We dare not contemplate what would be our fate today had the Great Emancipator gone over to majority opinion.

"Let us go back to the day when the heavens were opened and the gospel of salvation was brought to the earth. Can we picture a more majestic figure than the Prophet Joseph Smith who was the constant object of attack from the moment he delivered his message to the world until his death? Listen to the words of the Lord as they came to our leader in Liberty jail urging him to stand by the truth even, as the Lord said, 'If all the elements combine to hedge up thy way; if the very jaws of Hell shall gape open the mouth wide after thee.' If Joseph Smith had gone over to majority opinion simply because men mocked and reviled him; because they used all their satanic devices to destroy him—what shipwreck would have been made of the attempted introduction of the light of eternal salvation into a world groping in darkness?

"Did the Pioneers under that indomitable leader give heed to unfriendly world opinion respecting the destiny of this people? Recall the drab, forbidding picture painted by that master of oratory, Daniel Webster, when he described these valleys of the mountains, which today are dotted by the peaceful homes of the Latter-day Saints, where the desert has been made to blossom as the rose. Was Brigham Young expressing majority opinion when he said, 'This is the place'? And still they say we must yield to majority opinion. If this be true, then why do we who represent a mere handful in numbers penetrate into the farthest corners of the earth to deliver the message of the Restoration to an unfriendly world counting its hundreds of millions?

"We challenge the defenders of majority opinion to name a single benefactor of the human race who has not been forced to stand alone to face a hostile world—a world that later built shrines and monuments to his name.

"And then to think that we, the bearers of truth, the advocates of clean living, the defenders of virtue, should be beguiled into silence or lulled into inaction because for the moment we seem to represent only minority opinion! How dare we even pause or hesitate to raise our voices against the corroding influences of the world and at the same time lay claim to be followers of the Master, who Himself was a victim of public opinion, popular opinion, majority opinion of His day? Will not history repeat itself in this gigantic struggle in which we are engaged? Dare we for a moment concern ourselves with the hysterical, fleeting passion of the hour which has inflamed and beclouded the public mind? What should determine our course of action? Shall we permit the present or the future to pass judgment upon us? What we do today will cause generations yet unborn to bless our memory and hail us as benefactors of the race. Dare we betray them? Dare we violate such a sacred trust? Let us here and now dedicate ourselves to the truth, let majority opinion be what it may. For this we do know—that eventually we shall win the respect and the lasting gratitude of those who now challenge our right to defy them. The course we are to pursue is described in these beautiful lines:

" 'Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men's sleeping, but never dead
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.'

"It is with unquestioned faith in our ultimate triumph that we enter the contest undaunted and unafraid, for:

" 'He is a coward who fears to be in the right with one or two'."

But we are not cowards.

"The history of this people is a record of heroism. It is that heroism that we must now display, in the firm conviction that the justice of our cause will eventually bring victory to our banners."

The history of this people is a record of heroism. It is that heroism that we must now display in the firm conviction that the justice

of our cause will eventually bring victory to our banner. I pray our Heavenly Father that we will carry this banner the pioneers have handed to us in doing the right thing whether we are in the majority, or whether we are one or two standing alone on the side of right. This is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The addresses of Dr. Bleekham and Mrs. Lund will be printed in a later number.

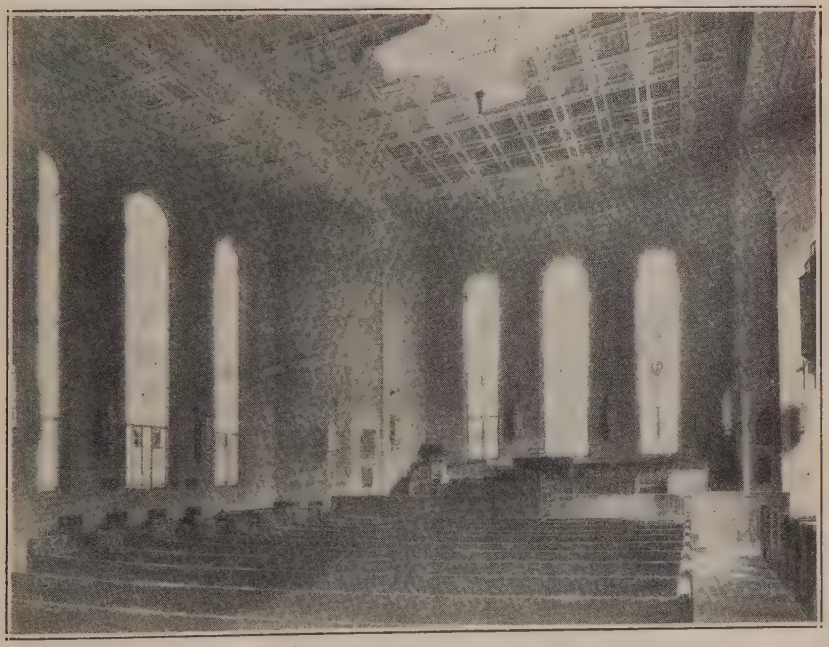
Christmas Joys

By Edna J. Gardiner

I like to think at Christmas Time,
That peace is in the hearts of men;
That bells ring out in reverent chime
And meekness is a diadem.

I like to feel a great good-will
Uniting all in friendship's band;
Where friend greets friend through good or ill;
To feel Christ's spirit in the land.

I like to see, at Christmas- time,
The still stars shining up above,
And read the message that they bring,
Of hope, and peace, and wondrous love.



INTERIOR OF THE L. D. S. WASHINGTON CHAPEL

Candy for Christmas

By Lucy Rose Middleton

NO recipes could be more appropriate at this season than those for making candies. A box of home-made candy constitutes a most acceptable and yet inexpensive gift. For those who are obliged to budget carefully their Christmas expenses (and that means everybody nowadays) we recommend making candy at home to save honest pennies for other purchases.

Tests for Sugar Syrups

Soft ball.....230 degrees F.
Hard ball.....245 degrees F.
Hard crack.....282 degrees F.

A candy thermometer is a great aid in obtaining accurate and uniform results in making candy.

Place thermometer in water and bring to boiling point, then transfer to sugar syrup, to avoid heating too suddenly. When removing it from candy, place immediately in very hot water and allow to cool slowly.

Chocolate Fudge

2 cups sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons corn syrup
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
Few grains salt
2 squares chocolate

Mix the sugar, milk, corn syrup, and chocolate. Stir frequently until the sugar is dissolved and the chocolate melted. Cook to the soft-ball stage. Add the butter, remove from the fire, cool, and add vanilla. Beat until creamy then pour into buttered pans making a layer ¾ inch thick. Cut into 1 inch squares.

For variety, add 1 cup nuts, broken in pieces, or 12 marshmallows cut in pieces.

Divinity

2 cups sugar
¼ cup water
¾ cup corn syrup
2 egg whites
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup nuts

Combine sugar, water, and corn syrup. Place over low flame, and stir constantly until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking without stirring until a small amount of syrup forms a hard ball in cold water. While syrup is cooking wipe down the sides of saucepan with wet cheesecloth wrapped around the tines of a fork. Remove from fire. Pour over stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly. When the mixture begins to hold its shape add the vanilla and nuts. Pour into buttered pan or form into irregular pieces by dropping from the tip of a spoon onto waxed paper. Candied cherries and pineapple cut fine may be added instead of the nuts for variety.

Penoche

2 cups brown sugar
¾ cup milk or cream
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
¾ cup cocoanut or chopped peanuts, walnuts or pecans

Put sugar and milk in saucepan and stir until the sugar is well dissolved. Boil without stirring until the mixture forms a soft-ball when tried in cold water. Add butter. Remove from fire, cool, then flavor. Beat until creamy. Add nuts. Pour

out on buttered pan and mark in squares; or drop from teaspoon on waxed paper.

For variety use chopped dates or raisins in place of the nuts.

Fondant

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
1/16 teaspoon cream of tartar or
1 tablespoon white corn syrup

Mix the ingredients, stir, and heat gradually to the boiling point. While cooking wash down the sides of pan with pastry brush dipped in cold water or with a clean wet cloth wrapped around the tines of a fork. Cover and let steam for 3 minutes. The pan should not be shaken or moved while the syrup is boiling. Remove cover, put in thermometer and boil to 230 degrees F. or until the mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Pour on marble slab or shallow tray wiped over with a damp cloth. Cool. Scrape and turn mixture toward center with spatula and work until perfectly smooth. Place in a bowl or jar and cover with wet cloth or glass lid. Let stand for 2 or 3 days before using.

Cream Mints

Melt fondant over hot water, flavor with few drops oil of peppermint, wintergreen, clove, or orange. Color as desired.

Dipped Walnuts

Melt fondant, flavor, and dip walnut halves. Pecans or almonds may be used.

Bonbons

Flavor fondant as desired. Shape in balls or surround pieces of nut meat or candied fruit; leave on board covered with waxed paper until firm, then dip.

Melt fondant over hot water, flavor as desired and color with food coloring. Do not allow fondant to become hot. If too thick add a few drops of cold water. Drop one center at a time into the melted fondant. Move gently until entirely covered. Put on waxed paper and make a coil over the top of bonbon. Stir fondant frequently. Decorate with bit of nut meat, candied fruit, or cocoanut.

Chocolate Creams

Melt the regular dipping chocolate over hot, but not boiling water. Beat gently until the chocolate feels slightly cool. Drop a center, made of the fondant, into the chocolate. Move around until covered. Remove to waxed paper. Decorate by making coils of the chocolate or top with nuts.

Nuts, candied fruits, cleaned and stoned dates, raisins, may be dipped in the same way.

Stuffed Dates

Wipe dates with a damp cloth, cut open on the side, and remove the stones. Fill the cavity with the fondant, colored and flavored as desired. Press the dates into shape and roll in granulated sugar. Nuts or candied cherries may be used instead of the fondant, or chopped and mixed with it for the stuffing.

Notes to the Field

For Our Music Directors

Music Helps

(*For Literary Lesson Dec.* 19, 1933)

In Utah Stake Mrs. Margaret Hull Eastmond is doing some delightful work in the music department. She plans so that music talks and the songs selected shall create the right atmosphere for the lessons. This little talk on Roman Music will precede the lesson, "The Roman View of Life." The part on Christian Music will give atmosphere to the Bible Lessons.

Roman Music

IN Greece all art represented the ideal of beauty. Music was supposed to drive out all jealousy, pride, angry feelings, weakness of soul. The drama included dancing and song, and choruses often sang the themes of the play.

In Rome the music was a reappearance of gay Grecian music and a blending with that of the pagans—drums of Syria, cymbals of Tyre. In the theatres were flutes and lyres, songs of Grecian chorus singers and bands of Egyptian musicians. "All the world's minstrelsy was there, in that great churning-press of nations which men called Rome."

Music was presented in theatres, not in Temples as in Greece. These theatres were places of spectacle and amusement, not of worship. Tragedy had passed and pantomime took its place. Choruses took no part in the action of the play. All the religious element was gone. A kind of orchestra, vocal and instrumental, accompanied the gestures of the players. Roman music lacked the chastity of Greek art.

Nero was the chief patron, but pagan music died with him.

(*For Literary Lesson, Jan.* 16, 1934)

Then came the Christians, and in their worshipping they sang their songs of praise in hidden places and in muffled voices. These songs unconsciously framed the new music of the world. Grecian music was born "amid the patter of dancers' feet and in showers of sunlight." But Christian music had its birth in underground passages, among desperate men, amid sorrow and fear. Their psalms were muttered rather than sung.

The early Christians used the voice to praise the Lord. They did away with instruments. These, they said, paid honor to idols. "As David sang psalms on his harp to the Lord, so do we, too, sing, but on a harp whose strings are alive—our tongues are the strings; and more the Lord does not require." They sang, or chanted, their songs of praise as they worshipped or walked along to places of punishment or death.

Pomp and worldliness crept in later and this music lost its simplicity. Great choruses, or choirs sang to and with large congregations. The first choirs were men, but later women were allowed to join.

Suggested Songs: "The Doxology," L. D. S. Hymns, No. 26. "Thy Will Be Done," Sunday School Song Book, No. 237.

(*For Social Service Lesson, Dec. 26, 1933*)

The Discussion of Sleep Habits

First Song, "Angry Words," Sunday School Song Book, No. 67.

A short program of Cradle Songs will be appropriate. Or the whole Society may practice several of these songs—such as: "Cradle Hymn," Primary Song Book, No. 1; Sunday School Song Book No. 214. "Rock-a-bye Baby," Primary Song Book, No. 53; Pioneer Songs, page 64. Brahms, "Cradle Song."

The Primary children can furnish a program and make the lesson very effective.

On Social Service days, if the music creates the atmosphere of children, the lessons are more impressive.

A Magazine Program

THE LeGrande Ward featured for its opening meeting the Relief Society Magazine. Various speakers treated the following subjects.

The Size and its Cover.

The value of the Magazine to the Visting Teacher.

The Theology of our Magazine.

The Literature of our Magazine.

Its Art Subjects and pages of interest to our Mothers.

Its page about women.

Its recipes.

Some of the fine thoughts brought out were:

That just as school is now beginning, we have 63,000 women beginning courses in adult education. As children need text-books, so do women of the Relief Society need the Magazine as a fundamental text-book for all their lesson work.

The world needs Spirituality. People can get it from the Magazine.

The magazine gives an opportunity for women to express themselves in print. Writers and readers have the same outlook on life. There is a harmony of soul between them.

The art subjects are most helpful in beautifying our homes. The Magazine breathes into the homes a wonderful spirit.

Eight cents a month will put into the hands of the subscribers a text-book and good wholesome reading for every member of the family.

After a harmonica orchestra had played "Our Maryland," a group of women sang the following song: and later all present joined in singing it.

OUR MAGAZINE

(Tune: Maryland)

Oh, have you seen our magazine,
Our magazine, our magazine,
Its pages beam with lines serene,
Our magazine, our magazine,
Go North, go South, go East, go West, Our magazine leads all the rest,
Within its covers you can trust,
Knowledge abounds that will not rust.

And when we find a gem so rare,
Let us to our friends declare,
It is the help we need today, Come along and with us say:
Go North, go South, go East, go West, Our magazine leads all the rest,
Now with these praises it will seem
YOU should take our Magazine.

—*Mary Stevenson.*

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

THE GENERAL BOARD

MRS. LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - - - - - President
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
MRS. JULIA ALLEMAN CHILD - - - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
MRS. JULIA A. F. LUND - - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

Mrs. Emma A. Empey
Miss Sarah M. McLelland
Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon
Mrs. Jennie B. Knight
Mrs. Lalene H. Hart
Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter
Mrs. Cora L. Bennion
Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans
Mrs. Ethel Reynolds Smith
Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine
Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford
Mrs. Inez K. Allen
Mrs. Elise B. Alder
Mrs. Ida P. Beal
Mrs. Katie M. Barker
Mrs. Marcia K. Howells
Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood
Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker
Mrs. Mary Connelly Kimball

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - MARY CONNELLY KIMBALL
Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - LOUISE Y. ROBISON
Assistant Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - - AMY BROWN LYMAN

VOL. XX DECEMBER, 1933 No. 12

EDITORIAL

Joseph Smith

JOSEPH SMITH was born in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, 128 years ago on December 23rd. As the years come and go, the work accomplished by this Vermont youth and the widespread influence of his teachings are being more truly evaluated. With prophetic foresight he realized that his name should be known for either good or evil throughout the world. Thousands who have not accepted his message directly, have been influenced by his teachings, for they have appealed to the reason of thinking men and women. The truths he taught have been accepted by them, though they were all unconscious of their indebtedness to him. The lives of thousands have been changed through his ministry. Many have come to the New World, who, but for the voice of the Elders, would have remained in their old world homes, and all future generations have thus been changed. On this the natal month of this Prophet, Seer, Revelator, it is well to pause and consider our debt of gratitude to him. We pay reverent homage to this bringer of light, to this restorer, to this man who has changed so many lives. We are grateful for what he was, for what he did, for what his teaching will continue to do. With the poet we cry out:

"Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah.
Jesus anointed that Prophet and Seer,
Blessed to open the last Dispensation,
Kings shall extol him and Nations revere."

Eighteenth Amendment Repeal

WE thank those who labored so faithfully to retain the 18th Amendment. We regret that their efforts were not crowned with success but they will have the satisfaction of knowing they did all they could in a righteous cause.

WE feel that a most serious mistake was made when the people decided to repeal the 18th Amendment. We had hoped Utah would stand for its retention, but she joined the majority of States in voting for its abolition. The L. D. S. have come into unfavorable prominence through Utah's vote. The London newspapers say, "The Latter-day Saints did it," "Prohibition dead—Mormons killed it!" The *Evening Star* emphasized that the Latter-day Saints cast the deciding votes.

Nothing better than the Prohibition laws done away with have up to this time been evolved and already from every quarter are efforts being put forth to make beer and liquor on a big scale. We have sowed the wind, we fear we will reap the whirlwind.

Mobilization for Human Needs

NEWTON D. BAKER, Chairman, says, "The National Mobilization for Human Needs is a union of the thirty-four leading national welfare organizations to reinforce all community efforts to secure adequate financial support of voluntary local welfare services for 1934. The Moblization *raises no funds* but employs all possible channels of national influence and publicity to back up local requests for voluntary support of the indispensable social services of each community."

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the National Chairman, and her committee realize that unless the work of the "private" welfare agencies, supported entirely or partially by individual givers, is continued, the standards of living built up in America will be lowered, delinquency and crime will increase, institutions (hospitals, orphanages, homes and settlements) will be crippled or closed, and past efforts in establishing these plants and equipment will be lost and can only be regained at greater cost later.

"Even a rapid improvement in business will not immediately put back on their feet families who have suffered three years of destitution. The social wounds inflicted by unemployment will take a long time to heal. The Women's Crusade is not designed to serve any one agency or group of agencies but to stimulate the interest in and understanding of the functions of all welfare organizations and the imperative need for continuing these organizations."

WOMEN'S leadership is indispensable in the present national task for recovery, just as it has been in all other crises in our national history. From October 15th to November 12th in nearly 400 American communities thousands of women styled "ambassadors of understanding" waged an educational campaign. They were an informing, inspiring and coordinating group. They were inviting the millions who

have work and the means of livelihood to become partners of the poor in every community of the land. The objectives of this women's crusade are to make the women whom they visit and talk to cultivate a sense of partnership in the community's efforts to meet the general welfare responsibilities, to place upon the women a definite part of the responsibility, to awaken all citizens to the seriousness of the social emergency and the vital necessity of continuing the success of all social welfare agencies. To unearth criticism based upon lack of understanding and let the criticism develop into support by presenting the real facts. To spread an understanding of the multiplicity of social work, and the community's dependence upon the whole well-rounded social work program.

Women have great power in shaping public opinion and their financial power is well known, for they control approximately 40% of the wealth in the United States and in most families of large incomes, they decide their own expenditures or are consulted in regard to gifts to charity. In homes of medium or small incomes, women generally determine whether or not money shall be given to welfare work.

The National Recovery Act must be supplemented by intelligent social work if rehabilitation is to be accomplished successfully. These "ambassadors" have stressed the importance of maintaining all the agencies now engaged in welfare work and have shown the limitations necessarily put on the use of R. F. C. funds, and the many vital needs for which these funds cannot be used.

The people of the country have given to charity very freely during the last few years, and they may be called upon this winter to give as never before.

Work of Agents Appreciated

WE deeply appreciate the very fine work done by our *Magazine* Agents and those who assisted them. We are also grateful for the loyal response to their canvass. We are delighted with our present large subscription list.

We remind our agents, however, that unless those whose subscriptions expire with the December number renew, that our lists will fall back again very materially.

In soliciting for new subscriptions, agents might ask, "Where can you get a better magazine for one dollar? What could you give for a present that would be more appreciated than the *Relief Society Magazine?*

While our intensive campaign is over, there is need for constant attention to see that expirations are renewed.

Errata

IN our November issue two poems were printed with the wrong names. "Rebirth" was written by Claire Stewart Boyer and "Life Perfect" by Miriam Jeanne W. Wright.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in February)

Responsibility of Conveying the Truth to Others

1. *A Natural Impulse.* It does not appear that truth belongs to any individual alone, but rather to the world as a whole. Moreover the possession of it is seemingly accompanied by an impulse to pass it on to others. The reason for this does not at first appear to be easily explained. Within the present week the writer of this lesson was visited by a famous American scientist, now chief paleontologist to the Chinese geological survey. He had come to America on a short visit, after thirteen years' absence. Plans call for his return to China where he will continue his work indefinitely into the future. He has an obsession for work and is willing to sacrifice practically every earthly comfort therefor. Already he is the author of nearly a score of memoirs on the fossil history of China and purposes to publish many more. His chief urge is two-fold, namely, to discover the truth, and to make it available for others.

2. The life of this man offers a key to the understanding of others. It is doubtful if a human being exists who really loves the truth who is not anxious to pass it on to others. Indeed, this is so universally true that it may be used as a criterion by which to determine the degree of man's actual devotion to truth. It is hardly possible, for example, that the indifferent and careless Latter-day Saint actually loves the gospel. The Savior has said that, "If a man love me, he will keep my words." It is similarly true that if a Latter-day Saint really loves the truth he will industriously convey it to others, for there is something about the possession of truth that impels one to share it with his fellow beings.

3. *Command to Teach.* If God has implanted in the hearts of his children the desire to share with one another the more or less commonplace truths of nature, how much more fully he must have implanted the desire to share the truths of the everlasting gospel. Indeed, he has also commanded that this be done. To his disciples of old he said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 15:15-16.) He repeated the same injunction to his diciples in modern times. Here are his words: "Go ye into all the world, preach the gospel to every creature, acting in the authority which I have given you, baptizing in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (Doc. and Cov. 68:8.)

4. While it is true that these injunctions were given to a few especially authorized individuals holding the Holy Priesthood, yet the Lord exempts no one from doing likewise, for "whosoever will thrust in his sickle and reap, the same is called of God." Again, "Behold, the field is white already to harvest; therefore, whoso desireth to reap let him thrust in his sickle

with his might, and reap while the day lasts, that he may treasure up for his soul everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God." (Doc and Cov. 11:3.) Special authority is required to perform certain missions and to officiate in the ordinances of the gospel, but no one is enjoined from teaching the truths revealed of God; indeed the Lord expects that such will be the case. In response to a desire on the part of John Whitmer to know what would be of the most worth to him, the Lord said: "Behold, I say unto you, that the thing which will be of the most worth unto you will be to declare repentance unto this people, that you may bring souls unto me, that you may rest with them in the kingdom of my Father." (Doc. and Cov. 15:6.) "I give unto you a commandment that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom." (Doc. and Cov. 88:77.)

5. *Unused Gifts.* For the purpose of explaining the necessity of using the gifts of God, Jesus gave the parable of the talents (which read; see Matthew 25: 15-30.) Its purport is as follows: A man gave unto one of his servants five talents, to another two, and to another one; "to every man according to his several ability." He that received the five talents traded with the same and made five other talents; likewise he that received the two talents gained two more; but he that received the one talent hid it in the earth. When the man returned he was so well pleased with the first two servants that he made them rulers over many things. But from the third servant who had secreted his talent in the ground because of fear that he might lose it, the man took the single talent which he had given him.

6. The scientific accuracy of the principle herein employed is of course well known. It is axiomatic in the animate things of nature that intelligent use invariably results in progress; whereas prolonged inactivity is followed by decline. In the case of a musician, for example, decline is so rapid that a performer usually pleads "out of form" if he has not practiced within the last few days. For the same reason, the coach of a football team would not permit his men to go into a game if they had been out of training as short a time as a week. So far as we know, no human attainment is immune to deterioration when activity ceases. Among human beings intelligent activity is the advance guard of progress; similarly, inactivity is the forerunner of decline.

7. This being true, it is not difficult to understand how active Latter-day Saints become increasingly more enthusiastic in their work, and why inactive ones become less so. Both conditions are the result of well-defined law. The ability to improve with intelligent use is one of God's choicest gifts to man. It makes attainment possible. Indeed, it endows man with the ability to ascend to the very throne of God. Naturally, such a gift is guarded by Deity with the most zealous care. To those who appreciate its worth, he gives with unstinted hand; and from those who neglect it, he withdraws that which he has already given. This is his means of reward and disapproval.

8. It is clear, then, that no Latter-day Saint can hope to retain the testimony which God has given him if he makes no effort to pass it on to others. God has not intended that he shall share it alone, for truth belongs to the whole of mankind.

9. *Fields of Teaching.* It must not be assumed that the foreign mission field, or even the pulpit at home,

is the only avenue open to the Latter-day Saint for spreading the truths of the Gospel. If this were the case, a large percentage of Church members would be left without anything to do. The Church is so organized, however, that every one who cares to "thrust in his sickle" may do so with profit, both to himself and the field which is "white already to the harvest." The Priesthood quorums and Auxiliary organizations command the services of nearly one-half of the Church membership, as officers and teachers. Aside from this, teaching in the home demands the attention of every father and mother. Finally, every member of the Church is continually in contact with individuals who need to be taught the gospel truths. Thus there is ample opportunity for all.

10. *Teaching by Example.* There must, of course, be no disparagement of the value of thorough preparation and experienced presentation in the matter of teaching—other things being equal they are the bases of success—but more essential than either of these is a life of unquestioned devotion. The ears are not the only avenue to the soul; the eyes often intercept thoughts which the ears never hear. Then, too, Deity has seemingly designed that the spirit of conversion shall not come from the teacher whose life belies his words. Conversion requires more than words, and dates, and sentences well framed; it requires the Spirit of God which never passes through the teacher who is insincere, or whose life is disharmonious with that which he is attempting to convey. On the other hand, familiarity with the subject and experience in teaching are an invaluable adjunct to teachers whose lives are not open to question or criticism. This is ideal.

11. *Teaching in the Home.* The home is the most fruitful field of all. Conversions are not only more numerous here than elsewhere but more lasting. There appears to be a tendency on the part of some parents to assume that their children are amply taught in the Auxiliary organizations and elsewhere. This of course is a mistake; no agency will ever be able to replace the parent. All others are merely supplementary thereto. The Lord has placed the primary responsibility of training the child upon the parent. Here are his words: "Inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents. * * * And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord." (Doc. and Cov. 68:25-28.) The responsibility is thus fixed and clear.

12. It is widely agreed that the teaching of childhood is more effective and lasting than that of later life. The parent must not assume, however, that the child is influenced only by her words. He is impressed immediately by the slightest act of insincerity or lack of devotion. The parent must never lose sight of the fact that she is the child's ideal. The child may be thoroughly taught, for example, in the matter of, say, loyalty to the authorities of the Church, but the slightest disparagement, either in word or in deed, on the part of the parent, may be sufficient to shatter it. The parent must ever be watchful. Oftentimes even a jest is interpreted seriously by him. If, however, the parent is wise and truly loyal to the cause of God, she will

be a power for incalculable good in the life of her child.

13. *Joy with those Saved.* It is not pleasing to think of the misery and sorrow that will come to parents who have neglected the training of their children or to Latter-day Saints who have failed to teach the gospel to those who are not familiar with it. (We are not speaking of those who have faithfully tried and failed, but of those who have wantonly neglected that which they knew to be right.) On the other hand, it is difficult to imagine the delight that will come to those who have been faithful in conveying the truths of the everlasting gospel to others. Deity has characterized this as the most important thing that man can do. (Doc. and Cov. 16:6.)

14. Speaking to Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, and David Whitmer, the Savior said: "Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God; for, behold, the Lord your Redeemer suffered death in the flesh; wherefore he suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him. And he hath risen again from the dead, that he might bring all men unto him, on conditions of repentance. *And how great is his joy in the soul that repenteth!* Wherefore, you are called to cry repentance unto this people. And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, *how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father!* And now, if your joy will be great with one soul that you have brought unto me into the kingdom of my Father, how great will be your joy if you should bring many souls unto me!" (Doc. and Cov. 18:10-16.)

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. What is it in your judgment that impels research scientists forward in their work?

2. Why are those who really love the Gospel anxious to convey it to others?

3. Why is inactivity followed by decline?

4. Why is teaching by example often more effective than by words?

5. Why are children often seriously injured by acts of insincerity on the part of their parents?

Teachers' Topic

SELF CONTROL

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." —Proverbs 16:32.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."—Proverbs 15:1.

The strong man is he who by discipline exercises a constant control over his thoughts, his speech, and his acts.

The lesson of self control extends to every department of our nature and affects every act and event of our lives.

Self control means many things. The avoidance of hasty and angry words; the power to resist temptation when it comes; the power to be calm under provocation or insult; the control of temper; the power to compel yourself to do the things you ought to do, and which conscience approves.

Self control is a very important quality in character-building, and is very much worth while. Happy is the home where all the members have learned the arts of self-restraint and self-direction.

To be able to control the tongue is rightly esteemed one of the greatest of moral achievements. The Apostle James says that: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to control the whole body."

Self control, once acquired, will be the most important factor in helping to shape our lives rightly in every phase. The greatest possible help to self control is to learn in the moment of temptation to seek our Father in Heaven for his help and guidance, and for wisdom.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof, than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days are in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is everyone that retaineth her. The Lord by wisdom has founded the earth; by understanding hath he established the heavens."—Proverbs 3:13-19.

The outstanding characteristic of the life of our Savior was self control. It is the outstanding thought of all great spiritual teachers.

Buddha says: "Though a man conquer a thousand men in battle, a greater conqueror is he that conquers himself."

Literature

(Third Week in February)

THE LITERATURE OF THE BIBLE

"Gallery of sacred pictures manifold,
A minister rich in holy effigies,
And bearing on entablature and frieze
The hieroglyphic oracles of old.
Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit;
And the low chancel side-lights half acquaint
The eye with shrines of prophet, bard, and saint,
Their age-dimmed tablets traced in doubtful writ!
But only when on form and word obscure
Falls from above the white supernal light
We read the mystic characters aright,
And life informs the silent portraiture,
Until we pause at last, awe-held, before
The one ineffable Face, love, wonder, and adore."

—*Whittier.*

Man, face to face with the Eternal, has made his most elevated expression. Deepened in soul by his spiritual experiences, man, the Artist, in music, in sculpture, in literature, and in all the arts has expressed his concept of God.

"Atheism writes no hymns, agnosticism does not burst into song, skepticism constructs no religions." Only a noble faith may be expected

to express spiritual truths with imperishable beauty.

A Supreme Book

The Bible has been accepted by the world as a supreme book; its "noblest classic." What, then, are the marks of a supreme Book? It is a living book. Living because it is made out of the experiences of life, the actions of men and women in their greatest moments, the permanent and abiding emotions and motives. A living book becomes immortal when its truths are expressed with beauty. The power of the message of a book is borne to us by its music, music created when the words fit like jewels in carved mountings and the sentences glide like arrows from polished shafts. Thought carried by "winged words" stirring with force the emotions bears to the soul of man an understanding of truth. Such books are supreme, supreme because being immortal they endure forever.

The Bible, the literary record of the Hebrews, gives to the world Eternal truth expressed with beauty. Hebrew wisdom is embodied in the command "Know God." A small band of people in the mountains of Judea learned this wisdom through revelation. Reflecting upon the objects and experiences of life they learned eternal meanings; hence, they gave to the world no system of philosophy, the product of reasoning as did the Greeks. With a clear voice they proclaimed "Thus saith the Lord—I am God and there is none else * * * Be ye holy, for I am holy—Behold I set before you Life and Death, therefore choose Life." "These people," said Mathey Arnold, "have a secret, they have discerned the way the world was going and therefore they have prevailed." The greatest theme of all time—God and his purposes—gave rise to such beauty of expression that the sublime standard of letters has not been equalled throughout the ages. Noble men under spiritual direction learned the secret and recorded the tremendous truth in words and sentences of unforgettable beauty. "Clear thought, simple words, striking imagery, genuine emotion; these are the gold of literature."

Remembering the interesting story of "How We Got Our Bible," we are in a position to realize the debt we owe to the translators of the Bible. Saint Jerome's perfect Latin version became the model for the English translators. William Tyndale was the incomparable translator who made the English Bible the glory of our language. The spirit of the Bible he felt to the depths of his being. An artist as well as a scholar, Tyndale translated the sacred words into words of such charm that subsequent translators followed his example. Coverdale, a martyr for the Bible, continued the work of Tyndale, smoothing out rough places here and there as he found them in the phrasing. The contribution of these men in the matter of language is evident when one considers the purely scholarly translation of John Calvin. It also is extremely significant that the Authorized Version of the Bible was made when the English language was at the height of its development, the age that gave to English literature the monumental works of Shakespeare and Milton. As we pause to look at the diction of the English Bible we linger over sentences that reveal the simplicity and majesty of the Hebrew mind through the music of our own language: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handywork." "I, John, saw the

holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride for her husband." "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow." "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Walter Pater says of the divine appeal, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," "how can man explain the mystery of the surpassing beauty of it? There surely is a great call from the depths of a heart of infinite love, and such a call carries its own music with it." The gospel narrator caught the intense sorrow of Jesus as he stood at the tomb of his friend, Lazarus, but William Tyndale in two words "Jesus wept" gave us an unforgettable picture and made us feel pathos that is too deep for words. The English Bible has clad the wisdom of the ages in a beauty worthy of God, His Purpose, His Power, and His Glory.

"The Bible connects holiness with beauty more directly and more closely than any other work of man * *. It says what is best worth saying in the best possible way * *. The Authorized Version of the Bible is a piece of literature without any parallel in modern times. Other countries have their translations of the Bible but they are not great works of Art."—A. Clutton-Brock.

The Literature of the Bible

Saint Jerome long ago called the Bible "a divine library." In the light of modern literary and historical study the Bible is now recognized as not one book but a library, consisting of sixty-six books bound together in one volume. Practically every kind of literary interest is represented in it—folk lore, history, biography, essay, drama, epistle, allegory, oratory, romance, vision-literature, lyric poetry, and law. In Genesis we have a composite book, the Book of Beginning, the beginning of the earth, of man, the Hebrew people, the origin of the Sabbath and other institutions; in E x o d u s, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, we have the civil and ecclesiastical laws; in Joshua and Judges, the heroic legends connected with the early settlement in Canaan; in Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah, the national history of different periods recorded from different points of view. In Ruth, Esther, and Jonah, we find stories told with a moral purpose; in Psalms, the religious lyrics of the Hebrew race; in Job, a dramatic presentation of a world-problem—the mystery of evil; in Ecclesiastes, a discussion in form of an essay of the question whether life is worth living; in Proverbs, an example of aphoristic literature; in the Song of Solomon, a lyric drama with a pastoral background. The s i x t e e n prophetic books are examples of oratory, vision-literature, and allegory. Coming to the New Testament, we find four biographies, stories of mission journeys connected with the founding of the Christian church, and collections of pastoral letters written by its organizers; and finally an allegorical vision, which Milton described as a drama "shutting up her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

The Hebrews wrote the world's first history. Four hundred years before Herodotus, the Greek historian called the Father of History, the Hebrews wrote an account of the beginning of the world. This fact has been a source of wonder since archaeology has revealed the long-buried records of the Egyptian and Mesopotamian civilizations. These peo-

ples left records two thousand years older than the earliest Hebrew documents. Their records were mere facts not chronicles or history. It was the Hebrew who became an historian in that he recorded facts, their evidence, explanation, and significance as he thought of the past, the present, and the future as a divine plan.

Woven into and among the historical narratives of the Bible we find various literary gems as the compilers needed to illustrate or enrich the narrative. From the purely historical material of the Old Testament we gain a vivid account of Hebrew life and times while from the literary material we gain an understanding of Hebrew thought. To modern literary study of the Bible we owe also a debt of gratitude. The Authorized Version of the Bible gave to the translation a simple arrangement, thought units and unit groupings, planned in the main for reading, chanting, and responses for the existing method of church worship. The literary version of the Bible has not changed words, thoughts, or spirit, but merely rearranged the material in the form of literature. The modern reader is thus enabled to enjoy more completely the historical books of the Bible and more fully appreciate the significance of their message.

The Stories of the Bible

It has been said that fiction began when once upon a time a man told a story about another man. The Hebrews unconsciously discovered and developed this great art. Their stories were always fashioned out of life for a definite purpose not to indulge their imagination, nor to entertain their hearers, but always with didactic aim—to teach a lesson of tolerance, to encourage patriotism, to give higher conceptions of life. The Hebrew stories may be classified as follows: hero stories, stories of friendship, illustrative stories. The hero stories include: Abraham and Isaac, the Joseph stories, Jepthah's Daughter, Gideon and the Three Hundred, David and Goliath. The friendship stories include: The story of Ruth, David, and Jonathan, Esther, Judith. The illustrative stories were used to illustrate a spiritual or moral truth. The parables and allegories being the most lofty in purpose seemed most fitted to the Hebrew mind. The allegory was most frequently used in the Old Testament: Israel and the Vine (Psalms 8); The Lion's Whelp (Ezekiel 19:2-9); The Boiling Caldron (Ezekiel 24:1-14); The Olive and the Branches (Romans 11: 16-24.) The parable was the most characteristic form of the teachings of Jesus, the most significant being:

The Mustard Seed to illustrate The Growth of the Kingdom.

The Corn and the Ear to illustrate The Principle of Development.

The Hidden Treasure to illustrate Life's Highest Goal.

The Virgin to illustrate Life's Tests.

The Talents to illustrate Use or Lose God's Gifts.

The Good Samaritan to illustrate The Value of Service.

The Prodigal Son to illustrate Life's Values.

Some literary scholars classify the "Book of Jonah" as an allegory and some as a parable. Whatever the classification we accept Charles Read's statement: "Jonah is the most beautiful story ever written in so small a compass."

The Story of "Ruth" is consider-

ed one of the best stories ever written. It is idyllic in tone. Goethe called it "the daintiest of love idylls." It is a plea for tolerance. Ezra and Nehemiah had been seeking to prevent the intermarriage of their people with the neighboring tribes. The author, unknown but a great humanist, wrote the story of a woman of Moab whose blood flowed in the veins of Israel's most famous king, David. The Love is that of a daughter-in-law and a mother-in-law. The delicacy of the scene between Ruth and Boaz is the work of an artist refined in spirit. The passage "Intreat me not to leave thee * * if aught but death part thee and me" is immortal because of its perfection.

The Book of Esther is a brilliant historical romance. Into the story is poured the passionate hatred of the Jew for his enemies and oppressors. It exalts racial intolerance; the tone of the book is patriotic. The characters are skillfully depicted, and the setting of the Oriental court with its splendor and intrigues is worldly. Esther, a Jewess, married to the king of Persia, saves her people from destruction by thwarting the plans of the wicked Haman.

The Book of Jonah is a protest against religious intolerance. One writer has said: "In this book the religious spirit of the Old Testament reaches its purest and amplest expression." As an allegory it displays the narrowness of the Jews. Israel, like Jonah, thought that Jehovah was only the God of Palestine. Israel like Jonah, was swallowed up by the Babylonish captivity and there learned to sing songs of God. After their return from Exile they were repeatedly complaining to God for his patience to the Gentiles. The story aimed to teach the Jews the lesson so beautifully expressed in the hymn:

"The love of God is broader than
the measure of man's mind
And the heart of the Eternal is
most wonderfully kind.
And we make his love too narrow
by false limits of our own,
And we magnify his strictness by a
zeal he will not own."

The life story of Joseph written when it was is the world's first biography. A marvel of literary artistry it combines a large cycle of stories into a masterpiece just as Tennyson did with the Arthurian legends in the "Idylls of the King." As we see the incidents in the life of Joseph, the many colored coat, the boyhood dreams, the jealous brethren, the slavery in Egypt, the confidence of Pharaoh, the temptations of Potiphar's wife, the famine administration, the reunion with his family; we have details so artistically bound together that they reveal not incidents alone but growth of character is traced, motives are revealed, conversations are recorded, and always an expected climax eagerly awaited. The story fabric of this Bible masterpiece saturated with the pride of many generations of the Hebrew race in the hands of an artist gives to the biography of Joseph an universal appeal.

The Books of the Prophets

It has been said that the quality of a people can be measued by the kind of men they honor. It is a fact that Greece honored poets, philosophers, sculptors, orators, and athletes; Rome gave her greatest honors to emperors, military leaders and poets; while Israel revered most of all her prophets. Israel's prophets, the mouthpieces of God, explained and justified God to his people. Only with great brevity can we pause and comment upon the leading prophets

of Israel: Amos (750 B. C.,) the prophet of justice, in splendid expression issued to his erring people the message "God is not mocked, neither is he propitiated by feasts and offerings. Hosea (740 B. C.,) the prophet of pity, saw the loving heart of God waiting to forgive his prodigal people. Isaiah (737-701 B. C.,) the statesman prophet, for fifty years tried to keep his people's faith. His magnificent intellect, his abundant energy, and his splendid faith made him one of the great writers of the world: His best expression is in Chapters 1, 6, 11, of the book that bears his name. Micah, the Socialistic prophet, in a terrific message denounces the oppressor. Jeremiah, a man of tender spirit, saw religion as an individual influence rather than a national product. The prophets of Israel gave to their people the understanding that it is man's responsibility to do the will of God.

An acquaintance with the Hebrew prophets—their enduring hope and faith—enriches us. Let us listen to the words of Amos the herdsman of Tekoa as he preached in the streets of Bethel:

"Prepare to meet thy God,O Israel. For, lo, he that farmeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thoughts, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, The Lord, The God of hosts, is his name."

New Testament and Christianity

The New Testament has been called the Magna Charta of Christianity. Jesus, the center of interest of the New Testament, brings a new message, not for a nation but for mankind. The Gospels, a new type of literature, herald this new message not by narrative and not by argument, but by establishment of divine evidence, Jesus the Son of God.

The New Testament historians follow the Hebraic tradition writing for a purpose. Their purpose being to promulgate a new religion, Christianity. The Book of Acts written by Luke, a Greek and a master of rhetoric, is a graphic account of the missionary activities of the early Christian Church.

Jesus, the Christ

The greatest narrative ever written is the life-story of "humanity's divinest figure," Jesus, by his loving disciples Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Jesus left no written record of his teachings. The evangelist Mark shortly before the death of Peter wrote a vigorous account of the activities of Jesus (65-70 A. D.) Matthew a few years later revised and refined Mark's record (75-80 A. D.) while Luke, the cultured Gentile friend of Paul, wrote the third account adding new material and writing more accurately. The writers were not literary artists, each gives a different point of view of their Master. The Book of Matthew deals with the fulfillment of prophecy; the Book of Mark with the miraculous power of Jesus; Luke with his humaneness; John with the significance of His words.

"My words shall not pass away," said Jesus, the Master; "Be ye perfect" are the words of Jesus, the Teacher; "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Light," announces Jesus, God's immortal Son. Truly men have spoken of Jesus. "Never spake man like this man." Many explanations have been offered by literary scholars for the "words" of Jesus. "In him all fullness dwelt—fullness of the prophetic spirit, fullness of wisdom, fullness of poetic utterance;

supreme in spiritual glory, supreme in glory of speech" seems to be one of the best of the many estimates. Being a Hebrew, He used the mode of expression so effectively used by Hebrew poets, parallelism:

"He that findeth his life shall lose it
And he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Being a Hebrew and not a Greek, He made simple statements without argument. "In my Father's house are many mansions * * *. I go to prepare a place for you." Being a teacher of men, He used simple terms; "your father," "lilies how they grow;" or parables about prodigal sons, sowers, and merchants; or proverbs as in the "Sermon on the Mount." While writing nothing himself the sayings of Jesus have entered the lives and speech of all men wherever Christianity has prevailed.

The Letters of Paul

Paul's great contribution to the world was the interpretation of Christian doctrine in the terms of the thought of his age so that it was acceptable to the keenest and best minds. This work was done by letters written to the early churches and to Christian missionaries. Paul of Tarsus, a Jew, educated to become a rabbi under the great teacher Gamaliel, knew both Hebrew and Greek thought. A Pharisee, a member of the Sanhedrin, Paul was intrusted with the task of uprooting Christianity. As a persecutor he took part in the stoning of Stephen. After his miraculous conversion to Christianity he directed the missionary activities of the early Church. As a theologian, Paul molded the thought of early Christianity. Religion to him meant Christ—a personal fellowship with Him. His theology has been summarized in four words: Grace, Faith, Peace, Power. The source of Paul's greatness was his spirituality. "It is no longer I who live, Christ lives in me."

The study of the letters of Paul is a life task. The volume of commentary on Paul is greater than on any other writer except Shakespeare. Of the letters "The Lyric of Love," Corinthians 13, "The Resurrection," Corinthians 15 are literary masterpieces; while the essence of Paul's sublime faith is expressed in his last words to Timothy, when feeble, old, and lonely in a Roman prison as he awaits martyrdom. "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the cause; I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness."

Apocalyptical Writings.

Just as the thought of one age differs from that of another so often does the form of expression. For about three hundred years—168 B. C. to 150 A. D., we find that apocalyptic writing was prevalent. These years were marked by change, suffering, and martyrdom. The Book of Daniel in the Old Testament and the Book of Revelation in the New Testament are the apocalyptic books. The Book of Daniel was given to the Jews during the period of persecution and martyrdom by the Greeks. Its purpose was to strengthen the Jews during the period of persecution and martyrdom by the Greeks. Its purpose was to strengthen the Jews in their loyalty to the faith of their fathers. It gave to the Jews assurance of immortality: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firma-

ment; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

During the period of the most extreme suffering of the early Christians, the Book of Revelation was written, to encourage the members of the church to be faithful. Recording a vision of the solemn scenes and acts to take place in the fullness of time, we find the most beautiful expression in the Bible:

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Suggestions for Study.

A. Materials:
   1. The Story of the World's Literature—Macy. Chapter 4.
   2. The Modern Reader's Bible —Moulton.
   3. The English Bible As Literature—Dinsmore.
   4. Creative Religious Literature —Culler.

B. Program:
   1. Music
      Selections from the Psalms.
   2. Discussion
      The Bible as Literature.
      a. The Narratives.
      b. The Prophetic Books.
   3. Readings
      Selections from the following:
      a. The Old Testament Narratives.
      b. The New Testament Narratives.
      c. The Writing of the Prophets.

C. Method:
   The purpose of this lesson is to bring a greater appreciation of the Bible through an understanding of its literary beauty.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in February)

AFFECTION—SEX AND EMOTIONAL MATURITY

LESSON XIV

In the reading material of this lesson is found the following sentence: "We have made little progress in setting up standards of emotional maturity." Such standards are not of human make. They are already provided in each individual and cannot be stopped. In earlier times it was thought a desirable life if the expression of emotions was all suppressed. Modern psychology has discovered the ill effects of such widespread inhibitions. Life in the face of present knowledge must be an emotional life. But emotions should be stimulated by desirable stimuli and be expressed in socially acceptable methods. To guide such a process requires thorough understanding of the appearance and expression of the important elements of emotional life. The aim of this lesson is to give the class members an introduction to this understanding and to stimulate further sympathetic study of the emotions and their relation to conduct. The subject canot be completely treated in such short space and time.

Suggestions for Procedure:

The topic is so big and the material is so rich for study that the best that can be done is to open up the field to the class from many approaches and let them feel its importance. This can best be done by

means of topical reports or lectures. If the topical method is used the following outline is suggested.

1. Effect of a normal emotional life of parents and other adults in the home.—White House Conference 1930, p. 140 and topic 4 in the supplementary material.

2. Provide the opportunity.—Topic 1 in supplementary material.

3. Emotional elements of school organization and management.—White House Conference, 1930, p. 171.

4. Social Hygiene instruction in school and home.—White House Conference, 1930, p. 176.

5. Motion pictures and other commercialized amusements, and the emotional life of children.—White House Conference, 1930, pp. 255-260 and topic 3 in the supplementary material.

6. The approach to the problem through mental hygiene.—White House Conference, 1930, pp. 304-308 and topic 5 in the supplementary material.

7. Social welfare and the maintenance of the homes.—White House Conference, 1930, pp. 322-323.

The reading guide should be studied carefully by each classmember as a background for hearing and discussing the reports.

Reading Guide: Growth pp. 31-34.

The Material while brief expresses clearly the two fundamental ideas involved.

1. Sex interests should appear normally.

2. The expression of these should be guided and directed, not inhibited.

While keeping in mind the first of these basic assumptions note what the pamphlet says about the following ideas:

The tendency toward specialization of longings for affection.

Time or age for maturing of capabilities for reproduction.

Time for reaching the ability to support self and children.

Definition of "maturity."

The problems involved in the second general idea stated above are discussed under the following topics. Make a note of what is said about each.

1. Postponement of mating.
2. Free contact with members of the opposite sex.
3. Dangers of delaying such contacts.
4. Over-idealized womanhood.
5. "Protecting oneself" from men.
6. The mother-sister analogy.
7. Coeducation.
8. Travel during adolescence.

Problems 1 and 2 are to be answered from Part 2 of the supplementary reading and from experience.

Problems 8 and 9 are discussed in the reading material outlined above:

Problems 3, 4, and 5 call for a review of the lesson on Developing initiative and independence.

Problem 7 calls for the experience of the class members.

Problem 6 is answered in part 6 of the supplementary material.

Supplementary Material:

1. Miss Caroline B. Zachry in a recent article in the Journal of the National Education Association, January, 1930, states that children pass through the following stages of emotional development:

1. Period of mother love based on physical care and comfort. Later this is extended to include the father and others.

2. Run-about period of selfishness and interest in I, me, mine.

3. Love of people most like himself—same age and sex—authority shifts to the gang.

4. Close friendship for one or two people of the same sex and marked hero worship.

5. Interest in the opposite sex with a strong desire to be independent.

Discussing the stages she says:

"The social stages just described are the normal ones through which each child should have an opportunity to pass. The home and school need only provide the opportunity, the child will take care of the rest. Many serious mistakes are made by parents and teachers who do not understand these periods and try to superimpose on the child behavior that belongs at a different level. The child who is normally self-centered at an early period may have far too much attention paid to this condition and because of the satisfaction attained through the attention prolong the behavior. The gang stage causes great over-anxiety to adults. They despair of dirty hands, poor table manners, and discourteous behavior to children of the opposite sex, failing to realize that if they will bear with a minimum of manners for a few years the whole picture will change with the normal development of interest in the opposite sex. It is important to realize that the crush stage is normal though it must be handled very intelligently. Understanding parents and teachers will accept the development of interest in the opposite sex calmly and without comment, realizing that their development will do much to reassure the young person at a very emotional period that is all too often, through the misunderstanding of adults, an anxious period."

2. By what age would you expect the average child to have outgrown telling "tall tales" and stories which he half imagines to be true? In answer to these questions Thom says: (Every Day Problems of the Every Day Child).

"In dealing with fabrications that have no basis in fact or that serve no apparent, useful purpose—that is, the so-called products of day dreaming—it is neither necessary nor desirable to make the child admit the lack of reality in his dreams. It is much better simply to impress him with the fact that you, as an adult, are taking it for granted that he is making up an interesting story which amuses you as any story might and that the possibility of accepting it as truth has never occurred to you. There is less danger in encouraging these make-believe stories in children, if they are given to understand that you accept them as such, than there is in trying to inhibit them by constantly denying their existence or by punishing the narration? Such punishment is apt to increase the romance the child derives from his stories, fill him with self-pity, make him introspective, and drive him further away from reality." p. 251.

The exaggerations of adolescence will be temporary. Self-convicting testimony and over-severe punishments lead to wilful lying. The compensating absences of incentives and opportunities for falsehoods will give a chance for positive truth-telling habits to be built up.

3. Mary Lue Chochian in an article on Movies and Life in Child Welfare—April, 1932, pp. 455-459, discusses the vivid and direct appeal of the movies in portraying crime, in giving a strong emphasis to sex stimulations, the lure of happy endings based on physical attractiveness and clothes, and the fearful effect of the horror pictures recently por-

trayed—Based on Clinical experiences the author gives two practical suggestions:

A. "I have repeated proof that children who are still in the formative stage are satisfied with the better pictures."

Parents "can start with their own child. They can carefully select the pictures he sees and try to supply other types of recreation so that he will not have to go to the movies for all his thrills and adventures."

B. "We shall fail if we take the pose of self-righteous reformers and rant and rail in excited fashion. If fathers and mothers would calmly and thoughtfully make their opinions of pictures felt through patronage or lack of patronage in the theater, the result would be far reaching in its effects."

4. Groves (The Child from Six to Ten) says:

"The child needs above all things to be happy. He craves affection and stability. No amount of material luxury can make up to him for lack of affection. Affection must not be spasmodic. A moderate love that flows gently on, uninterrupted by outbursts of emotion, is surely best for the child." p. 142.

5. The dangers to mental health of continued inhibitions of expression of such basic emotions as fear, anger, and love are emphasized in modern psychology. Yet it is necessary that such uncontrolled expressions be inhibited and redirected. Parents need to be conscious of the methods of control and redirection of emotional expression. On this point Blanchard (The Child and Society, pp. 26-27) says:

"The inhibition of the natural emotional responses from fear of consequences or other motives growing out of the social experiences of the child, is called *repression* in psychoanalytic terminology. Many forces unite to act in the repression of the different emotional responses. Fear must be controlled and concealed because one is ashamed to appear cowardly before one's companions. Outbursts of anger must be conquered in order to escape the disapproval of the group and to retain friendships. The social demands for the repression of the love responses, especially at a crude sex level, are particularly powerful.

But repressed emotions produce in the organism a state of tension because of their need for some motor outlet. Other activities are therefore, substituted for those which are socially unacceptable. These may be of motor or verbalmotor nature; the latter provides for substitute expressions in a great many instances. The boy who cannot hope to whip a playmate much larger and stronger than himself, however angry he may be, finds it advisable to control his anger. Then he may find relief from the pent-up emotion by wreaking it upon an innocent victim in the person of a smaller child or an animal, or he may talk of what he would like to do to his enemy or indulge in vivid day dreams of revenge. The youth who cannot follow his love impulses to caress the girl who stimuates him to desire this expression, can send her candy or flowers, or write a love sonnet to her charms.

The tendency of the emotions to cause some kind of activity has been described under the term of *sublimation* by the psychoanalysts.

It is important for the proper socialization of the child that he learn to repress many emotional responses which, in their natural manifestations, would be ill-adapted to life in the group. It is equally important that desirable sublimations, or substitute expressions, be provid-

ed for the emotions which are thus inhibited. Without these sublimations, the emotional tension is likely to become too great to be endured without some sacrifice of physical or mental health. To some extent, the type of sublimated responses will be determined by the inherited traits of the individual, but the social and environmental opportunities are a live factor in this determination." 27-28.

6. Why are not young children grateful for all the sacrifices their parents make?

The answer is two fold.

1. The children have become habituated to parental devotion, have received care constantly and have not been made to feel that the parents were sacrificing; it has seemed the customary thing.

2. As the spirit of independence has developed the parental help has been soomewhat resented instead of welcomed. The parent's satisfaction in doing has been met by disapointment in the child in his effort to do for himself.

Opportunity

Dedicated to the Paris Second Ward Relief Society by Lizzie H. Welker

To be sung to the tune "Truth Reflects," Page 246 Sunday School Song Book.

Let us change this word called duty,
Make it Opportunity,
'Tis a joy to serve the Master,
Happiness His truths to see.
So the task I call a duty,
In good time may prove to be
Not a trial and not a burden,
But an Opportunity.

Father we will gladly serve Thee,
Learn Thy Truths, Thy Laws obey,
And call it not a task, a duty,
But an Opportunity.

'Tis a joy to serve a neighbor,
Sister, Brother, Friend of mine,
Though the task be low and humble,
If a service 'tis divine;
And its dividend is priceless,
Heaping blessings back on me;
Any service, ere so lowly,
Is an Opportunity.

Sisters, our Relief Society
Was established for a cause,
To direct this work of Service,
And to help us learn God's laws;
So all service, freely given,
In our lives will surely be
Not a task and not a duty,
But an opportunity.

12 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY!

A DOZEN REASONS WHY

MOUNTAINEER OVERALLS

Give Longer Wear and More Satisfaction

1. Bib "Stop-Loss" watch pocket.
2. Bib deluxe and pencil pocket.
3. Wide and strong suspenders.
4. "Stop-Loss" side pockets.
5. Large reinforced back pockets.
6. Wide and roomy in seat and legs.
7. "Stop-Loss" combination pliers and rule pocket.
8. Triple stitched seams.
9. First Quality denim.
10. Bar-tacked at every point of strain.
11. Convenient match pocket.
12. Built for comfort, service—guaranteed.

Due to large scale production and unusual buying power, Mountaineer Overalls with the Stop-Loss Pockets cost you no more than ordinary overalls. Ask Your Dealer for Mountaineer Overalls with Stop-Loss Pockets

Manufactured in Salt Lake City by
Z. C. M. I. CLOTHING FACTORY

SELECT YOUR

Christmas Cards

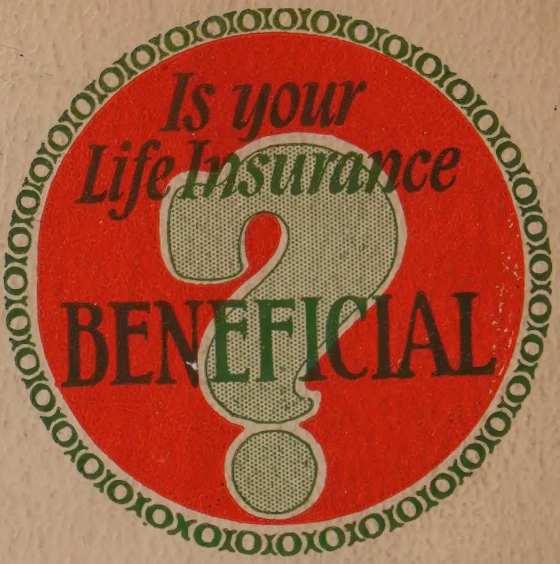
NOW!

while our stock is complete. You will find here just the card you want. Values this year are greater than ever before.

The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street

SALT LAKE CTY, UTAH



A SERIOUS QUESTION

DIRECTORS

HEBER J. GRANT
A. W. IVINS
J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.
JOS. F. SMITH
GEO. J. CANNON
E. T. RALPHS
B. F. GRANT
DAVID O. MCKAY
A. B. C. OHLSON

AND THE ANSWER MOST VITAL TO THE FUTURE OF YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY

IF IT'S A BENEFICIAL POLICY IT'S THE BEST INSURANCE YOU CAN BUY

More Hardships Have Been Prevented And More Comforts Provided by Life Insurance Than by Any Other Form of Financial Provision.

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY